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RIGHT AND WRONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Alas! how easily things go wrong;
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right!
'Tis hard to watch on a Summer's night,
For the sigh will come and the kiss will stay,
And the Summer's night is a Winter's day.

And yet how easily thing go right,
If the sign and kiss of the Winter's night
Come deep from the soul in the stronger ray
That is born in the light of the Winter's day.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE day was oppressively hot, there was not a cloud in the brazen August sky, not a breath of air stirring among the leaves, the flowers drooped their heads, fainting under the wealth of sunshine, the grass was dry and parched for want of a little welcome rain; it was a hot, airless, suffocating day.

Doctor Pearson, standing under the porch of the White House, waiting for his ring to be answered, had uncovered his gray head and wiped his brow with his bandanna. He felt agitated and nervous, and while he endeavored to persuade himself that it was the effect of the weather, he could not help a lurking feeling that it was the interview which was before him that was chiefly to blame for this unusual state of things.

He had not seen Mabel Stanley since the day of her sister's funeral, when she had stood beside the grave and watched the flower-laden coffin lowered to its last resting place, without any visible emotion. Certainly her face and lips were colorless as marble, but her eyes were bright and clear, and showed no traces of tears, and if they were a little sunken, only a keen observer would have noticed that.

People who judge chiefly by outward appearance, and sympathize mostly with the grief which finds vent in tears, and cries, and hysterics, would have felt but small sympathy with Mabel Stanley, and would have decided that she felt her loss but little; but those, like Doctor Pearson, who know that real grief is always silent, felt that under that stern composure lay an aching and broken heart.

The kind old doctor had made more than one attempt to see the lonely girl whose home-coming had been so unspeakably sad; but she had refused, gratefully, indeed, but firmly, in a little note whose very reserve had been more pathetic than a voluble explanation would have been; but almost a month had passed now, and Doctor Pearson had determined to make another effort.

The door was opened by Susan, in her black gown, with black ribbons in her cap, and, as she admitted him into the hall, the doctor glanced about him in some surprise.

"What is going on?" he asked, in his pleasant voice. "Has any one arrrived, Susan?"

"No, sir," the maid replied, looking ruefully at the luggage piled up on the oaken floor; "Miss Bell is going away."

"Going away? Not alone!"

"Oh, no, sir, Miss Fane goes with her; Mary and I are to remain here."

"Well, a change will do your young mistress good," he said approvingly; "Can I see her, Susan?"

"Yes, sir. She said she would be glad to see you when you called."

She tripped across the hall and the doctor followed her. Glancing around he saw a sorrowful change in the pretty house; the flower vases were empty, the fireplace looked strange without its summer decoration of flowers and ferns; Pauline's garden hat and white umbrella, which had always occupied the place of honor, had disappeared. Doctor Pearson sighed as he followed the maid into the drawing-room.

Here, too, the change was visible; the room was in perfect order, but the absence of the profusion of flowers, the removal of Pauline's work-basket, and of her sketches from the walls, made it look strangely bare and empty. Hot as the day was, Doctor Pearson shivered involuntarily; something in the room made him suddenly feel cold.

Disregarding the seat the maid placed for him before leaving the room, the old man walked to the window and stood looking out. There was a mist before his eyes, a lump in his throat, as he recalled the last time he had entered the room, and looked at the beautiful, still figure which had been itsonly occupant, and thought of the fair, gracious life which had been so suddenly cut short.

He could see the still form even now, its white purity outlined so vividly by the dark velvet of the couch, the lilies which she had resembled clasped in her waxen hands. She had looked as lovely then, in her death, as she had looked in life, and there was nothing to show the awful anguish she had endured on the placid brow and faintly-smiling mouth.

The thought of Pauline Stanley was vivid in the old doctor's mind as he turned round quickly at the sound of the opening door, and instead of the lovely, peaceful face and spotless garments of the dead sister, his eyes rested upon the living one.

Almost a cry of pain issued from his lips as she came slowly forward in her long, unrustling black gown. She was so startlingly altered in those few weeks. The extreme fragility of her figure made her look taller, she might have passed for a woman ten years older than she was. Yet she was beautiful, more beautiful, perhaps, than she had been in her vivid, girlish beauty and radiant coloring.

The rich carnation tints had faded from her cheeks, but her lips still retained their scarlet hue; her eyes, larger and darker for the heavy shadows beneath them, looked out under their long lashes, gleaming with a sombre fire; she held her head erect, and the tiny gold-tipped curls about her forehead had persisted in asserting themselves, although her beautiful hair was pushed back and knotted closely on the nape of her neck.

But it was her expression even more than her appearance which had impressed Doctor Pearson. He had been prepared for passionate grief, for tears, for hysterics, even for a swoon; but not for this unnatural calmness, those sternly-closed lips, and the sombre resolution and the dark, lustrous eyes.

She came forward calmly and put her hand in his; it was as cold as ice on this hot August day.

"You are better, my dear child?" the doctor said gently, holding the chill hand in his and searching her face with his clear, kind eyes.

"I am quite well," she answered calmly. "I have not been ill, Doctor Pearson."

She took her hand from his with a very gentle, yet very cold gesture, and moved forward an armchair for him. When he had seated himself she drew up a chair for herself and sat down, turning her face to him with unmoved calmness.

"You have not been ill!" he said questioningly. "Yet you have kept your old friends from you, Mabel. Was that kind? You were sure of the sincerity of their sympathy."

"Yes," she answered, very gently but in the same unemotional voice. "But I have been much occupied."

"I heard that Mr. Clark had been with you for a few hours," remarked the doctor.

"He could only stay a very short time, and indeed it was not necessary that he should stay longer." She lifted her eyes, softened by a momentary gratitude, to his as she continued: "You and Mr. Gresham kindly spared me all trouble. It was very good of you and the rector."

"Have you seen Mr. Gresham?"

"No."

It seemed as if she were going to add something to this curt reply, but checked herself suddenly. A short silence followed; Mabel sat motionless, her hands clasped on her lap, her dark shadowed eyes looking straight before her. The doctor watched her keenly.

"You are going away?" he asked then. "I was glad to hear. The change will do you good, Mabel."

She moved her hands a little restlessly, it was the first sign of agitation she had yet shown.

"I could not remain here," she said, with a caught breath. "This house is haunted now to me."

"You are not going to sell it?" he said quickly.

"Sell it!" She looked at him in amazement. "Sell it?—oh, no!"

He gave a sigh of relief.

"I was afraid Mr. Clark might have persuaded you," he remarked, with a little embarrassment. "I am glad you have no such intention. When will you return?"

"When I have laid the ghost," she answered calmly.

It was the doctor's turn to look amazed now; he gazed at her with surprise and questioning in his kind eyes: there was no smile upon her lips, her face was perfectly quiet and impassive. Involuntarily he put out his hand and laid it upon her wrist.

She smiled faintly.

"Are you feeling my pulse?" she said. "Do you think I am a little light-headed? You need not be afraid, Doctor Pearson, I was never calmer and quieter than I am today."

"These have been sad and lonely days for you, my poor child," he replied gently. "Why would you not come to us, or let my sister come to you?"

"Because I wanted to be alone," she answered steadily. "I did not doubt your kindness or Miss Pearson's, but I was fit company for no one but myself, my dear, kind old friend.

"Well, well," he said gently, patting the hand he held in his, "a change will do you good. Where are you going?"

"I do not know," she replied, with a little despairing shrug of her slight shoulders.

"You have not decided?"

"I do not know. I am going away with a purpose; where that will lead me, I cannot tell."

"What is your purpose?"

She hesitated for a moment, then replied in these words:

"To find my sister's murderer!"

Fully a minute's silence followed the utterance of the words; in intense surprise, in horror too great for words the doctor looked at her, as if he feared she was not in her right senses. In calmness as great as his dismay she returned his gaze.

"I am not speaking wildly," she went on after a moment. "I am quite calm, and I have had plenty of time—a long, whole month for reflection. Doctor, you are a good kind man, you were my father's friend and Pauline's"—her voice faltered miserably as she uttered the beloved name—"you were always good to her and to me; will you be kinder now than you have ever been? Will you help me in this, the one duty of my life?"

He had listened to her in silence, looking at her with the same horrified amazement; now he pushed back his chair from hers, and put his hand to his brow in a bewildered manner. Not only had Bell surprised, but she had shocked him.

"Do you remember," she said quietly, after a pause, "the words you spoke to me the night she—she—died? You said some terrible shock or some great trouble had killed her, that but for it she might have lived many years in health and happiness! You have not forgotten?"

"No," he replied gravely.

"You questioned me," the girl went on, in the same quiet unemotional manner; "you asked me what had happened to distress and shock her so terribly. I told you that she had seen no one out of the house, that she had parted from me in perfect health and happiness, and that half an hour afterwards I found her—dying!"

He heard her without interruption, looking at her the while with all his professional instincts aroused. He could detect nothing of excitement in her face or manner; she looked as unmoved, she spoke as calmly as if they were discussing some subject that was of perfect indifference to them both.

"It was true that she had seen no one," she continued, in the same perfectly equable manner; "but she had had a letter. It seems that it had come too late for the ordinary delivery, but that Mr. Pointer had been coming this way, and had brought it to her. You decided—you, Doctor Pearson, not I—that this letter had caused the violent agitation which I dare not think of now. We—Dorcas and I—read the letter, and we found that you were right in your surmise."

There was a little table at the doctor's side; resting his elbow upon it, he leaned his head upon his hand, shading his eyes with his fingers. Bell's manner was more painful to witness than any passionate grief could have been.

"Doctor Pearson," she went on, rising slowly from her seat and standing before him, erect and graceful in her heavy black gown, "that letter killed my sister, the hand which penned its most cruel contents stabbed her to the heart as surely as, and more cruel than, if it had plunged a dagger there; the writer of that letter is her murderer!"

"But"—the old man rose as he began to speak, and, in his earnestness, he put his hand upon her shoulder—"the writer of that letter may not be responsible for its contents," he said. "Perhaps he or she was forced to tell your sister the tidings it imparted. The bearer of ill news may have a thankless and painful office, but it is one surely for which he or she cannot be blamed."

"The writer of this letter alone is responsible for its contents," the girl replied, "therefore he is Pauline's murderer."

"That is a harsh word, Mabel," the doctor said gravely.

"The truth is often harsh," she returned quietly; "and that is the truth. Pauline was well and happy when she received that letter, when she read it she fell, stabbed, as she herself said with her last breath, to the heart. Can I be wrong, then, in saying the writer is her murderer?"

"Who is the writer?" the doctor asked, avoiding a direct answer.

"Ah!" she said slowly, "it is there I want your help. Will you give it me, doctor?"

"My help!" he ejaculated, staring at her

in amazement, and once more wondering if her terrible grief had turned her brain.

"Yes, your help!"

CHAPTER VII.

A PROFOUND silence followed the quietly-spoken words; standing opposite to each other in the shaded light of the quiet room, the old man and the young girl faced each other, their eyes meeting in a fixed gaze: Bell's dark, lustrous glance full of sombre resolution, the doctor's tired, grave blue eyes expressive of amazed questioning.

On one side, youth—defiant, passionate, absorbed in the one thought which ruled Bell's life henceforward; on the other, age—grave, doubtful, anxious, seeing farther into the future from wider and longer experience of the past. Mabel, as was natural, was the first to break that silence.

"Let us understand each other," she said quietly. "Please sit down."

Mechanically the old man obeyed; he had known Bell from her birth, and had looked upon her as a child; but he could no longer assert the authority his old friendship undoubtedly gave him. He felt as if this beautiful young creature, with her stern mouth and sombre eyes, had long passed beyond any control of his. She, too, seated herself, with her hands clasped upon her knees, with her eyes upon his face.

"Doctor," she said gravely, "who was Pauline's lover?"

"Pauline's lover?" he repeated helplessly.

"Yes."

"Pauline had no lover," he answered, pushing his thick gray hair from his forehead with a bewildered gesture. "Unless"—he paused, something like comprehension dawned upon him—"do you mean the rector?" he asked.

"The rector?" Bell repeated slowly.

"Yes. Mr. Gresham was deeply in love with her, and I always hoped she would listen to his suit, but she refused him—he told me so himself.

"Ah!" Bell said quietly. "No, I do not mean the rector, and yet, if she had but loved him, she would have been well and happy now."

"Would that she had," the old doctor muttered, thinking sorrowfully of the young clergyman's grief and of the ideal home which might have been if the dead girl had but returned his love.

"Aye, would that she had!" echoed Bell sadly. "But although she did not love him," she went on bitterly, "there was another whom she did love, and it was he who killed her."

"I know of no one," he replied steadfastly.

"That is strange. If there had been a stranger at Dingle you would have known it?"

"Certainly I should," he replied promptly. "No one could remain in the village longer than an hour or two without my knowledge I believe."

"And there has not been any stranger—any artist, staying here?" she asked eagerly.

"No, I believe not; indeed, I am sure there has not. There is, as you know, Mabel, no accommodation in the village for a stranger; and the advent of one could not fail to make a commotion."

"Then," she said quietly, "he must have been staying at Chagford."

Another silence followed. Bell sat motionless, an expression of deep and concentrated thought on her face. The doctor watched closely as before, but with less professional interest in his scrutiny; there were no signs of illness of mind or body about Bell.

"There has been no stranger, no artist at Dingle," he repeated decidedly; "of that you may be assured."

"And yet," she replied calmly, "within the last few months—or it may be weeks—Pauline had a lover, whom she loved, who was a stranger here."

She spoke with the quiet resolve of certainty; she evidently, as even the reluctant doctor owned to himself, must have had some good grounds for that assertion.

"What do you know of this unknown lover, Mabel?" Doctor Pearson asked presently, breaking the deep and thoughtful silence which had fallen upon them.

"But little," she answered; "yet, perhaps, enough."

"What is his name? It may help me, perhaps, to recall him."

"Geoffrey Hamilton!"

"Geoffrey Hamilton! It is an uncommon name, and I do not remember having heard it before," replied Doctor Pearson quietly. "And he is an artist?"

"Yes!"

"By profession, or as an amateur?"

"I think by profession; he is not rich!" answered Bell, with slight hesitation.

"Cannot Mrs. Fane give you some information about him?" Doctor Pearson asked, rising and pushing aside his chair.

"No!"

"How is that? Did not Pauline confide in her?"

"Not in this instance! She guessed, or suspected, that Pauline had a lover, but, faithful friend as she is, she could not speak to her about her suspicions. She waited, hoping that Pauline would confide in her."

"What aroused her suspicions?" asked the doctor, pausing for a moment in his restless perambulations to await the reply.

It was slow in coming; the words seemed hard to speak; the pallor on the young girl's face had deepened to the hue of death itself when she spoke.

"My sister's happiness!" she said slowly.

The doctor uttered an exclamation of pity. Out of this happiness had arisen death. The girl looked at him with a heartrending expression in her beautiful, desolate eyes.

"Her happiness!" she repeated in a voice full of tears, although no moisture dimmed the lustre of her pathetic glance. "You know how quiet she always was; of late she had sung about the house, and had been as bright as a sunbeam, and had bloomed into new life and beauty. She was like a rose in June, Doreas said," the girl continued in her pathetic voice, so bright and beautiful and sweet."

"But she would, naturally rejoice at your approaching return," the man said when he could speak.

"Yes, but not of that only, or so greatly," she answered. "She had never been in such good spirits. I myself thought her lovelier than I had ever seen her. Besides, I knew there was something she had to tell me."

"How did you know?" he asked.

"She had hinted at something in her letters," Bell answered. "And she said when we met that she had something nice and glad to tell me, and that it was no wonder she looked well, since she was so happy."

For the first time during the interview her calmness failed her; her voice faltered, her head drooped, two large tears rolled heavily down her pale cheeks and fell upon her clasped hands. There were tears in the doctor's eyes as he stood resting his hand on her chair.

"And she did not tell you?" he said presently.

"She could not; she said it was too long a story to tell me then; when I saw her next she—had had her death blow."

"And—forgive me for hurting you, Bell, but I can scarcely help it, my poor, dear child."

"Nothing hurts me," she replied quietly. "Nothing hurts me now. One great blow has stunned me and made me incapable of feeling any more pain."

"Did she never speak of this man to you?" he asked gently.

"Not to me," she answered slowly. "But she spoke of him in her death agony. She thought they were in the woods together, and—and——"

She paused, then continued:

"And she spoke to him and said how much she loved him, and——"

Again her self-control failed her for a moment; she had clasped her hands so tightly that the nails had entered her tender flesh; even her lips were white now.

"And at the last she remembered the letter," she continued harshly. "At the last she remembered it, and the remembrance broke her heart."

"Poor child, poor Pauline!" murmured the old man, tenderly and sorrowfully. "Can you tell me what the letter said, my dear?"

"Can I tell you?" she repeated with a faint bitter smile. "Am I likely to have forgotten? It bade her farewell, kindly and courteously enough. It recalled the pleasant hours they had spent together under the pine trees, and it regretted that they had come to an end. And it said how unworthy the writer felt of the love he had had the misfortune to win, and how he regretted that his poverty and hers forced him to bid her an eternal farewell. He had other ties, he said, and he was obliged to part from her. She would guess what they were, he added. His aunt had other views for him, and he had told her enough of his position for her, Pauline, to know how important it was for him not to offend his aunt. Therefore he had said good-bye to their happy love-dream. He would remember her fondly and tenderly while life lasted, but he was compelled to bid her good-bye for ever. I am afraid I have not quite done justice to the elegance of his style," concluded the girl, with a faint, bitter smile, sadder to witness than the most passionate outbreak of tears, "but the substance of the letter is in what I have told you. I have omitted nothing save his assurance that no doubt they would soon forget each other, and that life was full of parting."

"The dastard!" Doctor Pearson muttered through his set teeth, his kind, rugged face pale as the girl's own in his anger. "The cowardly villain!"

Bell's eyes flashed through the tears that stood thickly in them. She held out her hand to him with a frank, almost queenly gesture.

"Thank you," she said gravely. "Do you wonder now, my kind old friend, that I wish to revenge my sister's murder upon the man who killed her?"

Doctor Pearson had not foreseen the question. He dropped her little chill hand and stepped back a little; the girl's eyes followed him questioningly, her lips curled slightly.

"You do not doubt the justice of my cause?" she asked. "You do not—you cannot—deny that this letter killed her! She loved this man; she trusted him; she gave him her whole heart, and he cast it back—bleeding, torn, lacerated, at her feet! Is such a deed to go unpunished?"

The old man looked at her in mute remonstrance; he had no words ready just then to answer her pleadings. The impassioned voice went on:

"If he had taken a dagger and stabbed her to the heart, he would have been tried and condemned! Is one deed less cruel than the other? As surely as Pauline died, Geoffrey Hamilton killed her. Shall his sin go unpunished because it did not bring him within the reach of the law?"

"His sin will bring its own punishment," the doctor said rather lamely. "He will know the bitterness of remorse, Mabel."

"Do you think he, and such as he, can feel remorse?" she replied scornfully.

"But he loved her," murmured the kindly old doctor.

He was anxious only to soothe the intense passionate pain which he himself could scarcely understand, but with which he sympathized nevertheless, sobered as his own feelings were by age and a close acquaintance with the sins and follies of frail humanity.

"Loved her?" she echoed, with bitterest disdain, "He never loved her, for he could not love; he would not know the meaning of the word. She was beautiful and gentle and he admired her, and her love for him amused the long, tedious days, perhaps. Besides, he was proud, doubtless, of having won her love, proud of his conquest, of the power he had obtained of breaking her heart, and it so pleased him. And he used that power! There was not one line in that fatal letter which showed real feeling or compunction. From beginning to end, it was selfish, worthless, heartless, cruel! If it had been otherwise I might have condemned him less utterly. I have read his cruel words again, and again, and again, and find in them no trace of real tenderness or sincere regret—nothing but a selfish desire to save himself any annoyance or inconvenience. If we had a brother, do you think Geoffrey Hamilton would have dared to treat her thus?"

"He is a villain! A cowardly villain!" replied the old man fiercely. "But what can you do, my poor child?"

"I think," she said, disregarding his question, and speaking in a tone of exquisite pathos; "I think if she had found in the letter one real expression of sorrow, one word with a ring of truth in it, to show her that she had not been entirely deceived; that in his way he really had loved her, and grieved for the pain he had given her, I think her heart would not have broken as it did."

Once more the great tear-drops rose in her eyes and rolled slowly down her pale cheeks. Doctor Pearson had begun to pace the room again, with hasty, agitated steps; old as he was, he was longing to have Geoffrey Hamilton at his mercy just then.

"I have read somewhere," Bell went on, "that life can hold no deeper misery than the knowledge of the unworthiness of the person we love best, and that misery was hers in its fullest measure. She loved him, and trusted him with a great love, a perfect trust, and she found that he was unworthy of either. No wonder the discovery broke her heart."

"I think you scarcely make sufficient allowance for the state of your sister's health. Pauline was always delicate, Bell; her heart, as I told you, was weak; a sudden fright might have had a similar effect upon her; anything, in short, and——"

"You do not speak as you feel," Bell interrupted coldly. "Even if it were so, the shock of the letter killed her, and in my eyes, aye, and in yours, Doctor Pearson, he is her murderer!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DOCTOR PEARSON received Bell's reproach, for her tone had made her words distinctly reproachful—in silence, perhaps he recognized its justice. He had not spoken as he felt, he knew that the shock of the letter had killed Pauline Stanley, and in his heart he felt the keenest anger against the traitor who had won her love, and cast it from him like a toy of which he had wearied. But his anger did not blind him to the hopelessness of Mabel's project, nor the horror of it.

He had loved the dead girl almost as dearly as if she had been his own child, and he knew her to have been a person of deep feelings and extremely sensitive organization. Moreover he knew that the wealth of tenderness lying under the placid demeanor had not been wasted by indiscriminate flirtations and light, careless evanescent fancies.

This love which she had not known until she was a woman, would have been, he felt, the one deep passion of her life, if she had lived to extreme old age, and for this love she had given her life.

He sympathized truly and sincerely with her sister's sorrow, and he shared her anger against Pauline's betrayer; but he could not sympathize in her project of revenge, partly because he saw its utter hopelessness. How could she, a young girl, helpless and unaided, revenge herself on this man, of whom she knew nothing but his name. Even that, Doctor Pearson felt, might have been an assumed one. That he was a clever man of the world, able to keep his own counsel and lay his own plans, was probable, since he had managed to win Pauline Stanley's love, and still keep his presence at Dingle unknown.

His influence, too, over her must have been great, since he had induced Pauline, who was the soul of candor, to keep their love even from her sister and her faithful nurse and friend. What could this poor, inexperienced child do to injure him? Besides, the crime—for in the doctor's old-fashioned creed of honor it was a crime—which he had committed is so lightly thought of in the great world. A broken vow—vows are to be broken—a girl jilted! Are not girls jilted every day? And the faithless lover is received with no less sweet smiles and cordial greetings!

Nay, is he not looked upon as a lucky fellow to be such a conquering hero? How could this poor, pretty, helpless child avenge her sister's wrongs?

The very thought might have made him smile if he had not been too much disturbed by the resolution which looked at him out of Bell's dark, gloomful eyes.

He stopped his restless perambulations, and gently put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Mabel," he said, with a tremor in his kind old voice, "I think you will not doubt my old friendship; it is as true for you, my child, as it was for your father, and he was the dearest friend I ever had."

"I could never doubt your friendship," the girl answered him steadily, with a slight emphasis on the two last words. She might not doubt his friendship, but she might doubt the wisdom of his advice.

"In what I am going to say to you, my little girl," he continued, "I am guided only by my affection for and interest in you, and by the wider experience and greater knowledge of the world which my age has given me. Will you hear me calmly and patiently?"

Bell looked up at him with softened eyes.

"I owe to your goodness more than a patient hearing, Doctor Pearson," she replied, with a tremor in her pretty girlish voice, which had regained some of its lost sweetness. "Of course, I will hear you, my kind old friend; and I will thank you also, even if I cannot agree with what you say."

"Thank you," he said, smiling. "But, Mabel, even though you should not agree with me, surely you will remember while you listen, that my age and experience give my advice some weight."

"I will remember," she said gently.

He put her into a low chair and sat down beside her, holding her hand in his; it was cold and chill, but quite passive. Her eyes rested on his face.

"Mabel," he said gravely, "I will not retract my words; I believe that the shock of that letter killed your sister. She was never a strong woman, and she was not able to bear what would scarcely have af-

fected the health of a stronger person. Therefore, it seems that you have some fair grounds for your assertions that the writer of that letter caused her death; but ——"

He paused. She had not removed her eyes from his face, and her own had not changed, but her hand had stirred slightly in his clasp.

"But from your own account, Bell," he went on, as she did not speak, "we cannot doubt that the pain was not willingly given. No man who had loved a girl, especially a beautiful, tender creature like Pauline, could leave her without pain. Whatever the appearance may be, my child, depend upon it the letter was not written without suffering, even although the writer could not guess the terrible effect of his words."

Again Bell's chill fingers moved in his as if they sought to set themselves free from his clasp, but he held them firmly.

"Therefore, I think we cannot call Geoffrey Hamilton a murderer, because a crime unwittingly committed does not make a man guilty of wilful sin."

"The counsel for the defence pleads well," the girl said slowly, with a faint and exceedingly bitter smile. "But his cause too weak to give his eloquence the conviction of truth."

"And there is another thing we ought to remember," he continued, disregarding the bitterly-spoken words. "That Pauline was a country girl: pure, simple, sweet, without a *soupçon* of coquetry in her nature, and one who would perhaps take seriously words spoken lightly, and without real intent. Mr. Hamilton, on the contrary, was doubtless a man of the world, well versed in the art of flirtation, and he may not have imagined that she was unlike the girls of his world; that she would take as earnest the compliments and pretty speeches, which are the *monnaie courante* of society."

He paused: as she herself had said, his cause was a weak one, and his eloquence lacked the conviction of truth; he did not feel what he said, and Bell's clear eyes had penetrated the weak points of his armor. She waited to see if he would speak again, then very gently but very coldly she answered him.

"I fail to see the force of your reasoning, doctor," she said. "Nay, it seems to me that it only strengthens the accusation against Mr. Hamilton. Surely Pauline's innocence and simplicity, and her faith in him, should have been her greatest safeguards; because he is a man of the world and used to girls who flirt and offer their hearts to the first comer who chooses to ask for them, ought he not all the more to have respected a pure-hearted girl to whom flirtation was impossible? And that he did more than flirt with her, I am sure."

"You have no proofs," he interrupted quickly.

"Pardon me," she replied coldly, "I have proofs. Do you know how I have employed the last fortnight, Doctor Pearson? I have not been idly indulging in my grief. There will be time enough to weep for my darling when I have revenged her! I have been looking for proofs of her lover's treachery, and for a clue to lead me to him."

"You have not succeeded—you have not succeeded, I hope?" he said eagerly.

"I have not succeeded, and yet I have not been quite unsuccessful," she answered coldly.

She left her seat and crossed the room to a quaint Chippendale writing-table, at which Doctor Pearson had seen Pauline Stanley seated many a time.

A vision passed before him now of her graceful white-clad form seated before it, her golden head bent over her writing, her slim white fingers holding her pen and skimming rapidly over the paper. A fair, white, gracious presence hers had been; how great a contrast was the one which stood there now, in sombre, straightly-falling robes of black and dark, sombre eyes, and firmly closed lips.

Watching Bell with curiosity and anxiety, the old man saw her open one of the little drawers and take out a small packet of letters, daintily tied with pale tinted ribbons; her hand shook a little as she extracted them from their hiding place; but she was otherwise quite calm as she came back to his side.

"Having read one of Geoffrey Hamilton's effusions, I permitted myself to read the others," she said sternly. "I found these in Pauline's dressing-case; they had been read many times, few and short as they are, and though they tell me nothing else perhaps, they tell me that although he did not love her he feigned to do so, and doubtless his knowledge of the world enabled him to do so well. They are very short," she continued, untying the ribbon and putting the three or four notes—for they were not letters, except one, which was longer than the rest—before him. "If you care to read them, do so; anything is allowable in such a cause as ours."

"I need not read them, Bell," he replied, putting them gently aside. "They are written, I presume, in the same hand-writing as that last letter?"

"Yes," she replied steadily, although her fingers shook as she refolded the papers and tied them up again. "They are merely notes appointing a meeting—no place is mentioned, but it would appear that they alway met in the same place—but short as they are, they are impassioned and effusive, and are signed 'Ever devotedly yours.' He has not put his full name to them," she added bitterly; "he was too cautious for that. His initials are appended to one or two, the others are signed 'Geoff.'"

"Then how do you know his name?" the doctor asked gravely, looking at her in sorrowful bewildment. "Did she tell you? Was that letter signed?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "Neither did Pauline tell me. How could she, poor girl? No, she kept his secret truly and faithfully as she loved him."

"How did you find it out then? Is it not possible that you are mistaken?"

"No," she replied steadily, though her lips trembled a little. "Among the many letters I found this."

Her hand shook like a leaf as she held it out towards him; between her trembling fingers was a gentleman's visiting card. Doctor Pearson took it and read:

"Geoffrey Hamilton, Artists' Club, Piccadilly."

"It may not be his card," the old doctor said obstinately.

"If it were not his card, would she have treasured it like that?" the girl said passionately, losing her patience before his determined opposition and the many obstacles he was putting in her way. "She called him 'Geoff,' and his letters are signed 'G. H.,' and this card is with them. Oh, but too surely he is the man who betrayed her, who stabbed her to the heart!"

She slipped the card into the band of pale pink ribbon which secured the letters, and put them back in the writing-table; she locked it with a little key hanging to her watch-chain, and came back to the table by which the doctor stood.

"These, then, are your only means of discovering Mr. Hamilton?" he said, with a compassionate shake of the head. "Why, child, you know simply nothing of him."

"I know that his name is Geoffrey Hamilton, that he is a member of the Artists' Club, that he is young, not wealthy, but that he has expectations from his aunt, his uncle's widow. I know, too, that he is a fair man, and that he can sing. With less data than this people have been discovered, even in this wide world, doctor, and I do not despair of finding him yet!"

"But if you find him what then? Do you think he will care for your reproaches, or feel more than the most passing shock of surprise and pain at your sister's death. What injury can you do him, you poor child? His crime is one the law cannot touch. My dear little girl, put this wild project from your mind, it is a horrible one in itself, and it will only bring you misery and distress."

"I cannot," Bell answered steadily, "nor if I could, would I! Doctor Pearson, my project is no wild one. I have thought over it well, and I will carry it out. As he made my darling suffer, so shall he suffer. There must be some means by which I can reach him, and those means shall not escape me."

"It is all madness together," exclaimed the old man irritably. "You know nothing of the man but his name; all the rest is surmise! You have no means even of identifying him if you were to meet him to-morrow. Hamilton is not a very uncommon name, neither is Geoffrey. I have no doubt that there is more than one Geoffrey Hamilton knocking about the world. Why, only the other day, my sister read in a list of bridesmaids at some fashionable wedding, your own name, your sister's, and her own, Janet Pearson—and everyone of them total strangers!"

"So much the better," she replied coldly. "If my name is a common one, he will not suspect me of being her sister when we meet—as meet we shall, Doctor Pearson!" she added passionately. "I have told you I could not forego my vengeance—nay, it is not vengeance, it is justice!—and that I would not if I could. I shall never know rest, or happiness, or peace again until I have made him suffer. Night after night Pauline comes to me and stands with her hands pressed to her side, and her eyes fixed upon mine questioningly, as if she would ask me if I have forgotten! Day after day I live through that agony which I suffered when with her. I never enter this room without seeing her with her head lying prone upon the table, and meeting the look which made my heart stand still with fear. Again and again, daily—almost hourly—I live through it! I again hold her form in my arms, I feel her tremble from head to foot—I hear the faint words, 'stabbed to the heart!' I feel her heavy head upon my shoulder, the great throbs of her heart against my hand! I feel her stagger and faint, and I tremble under her weight as she lies like a dead woman in my arms!"

She paused, breathless, exhausted, fainting by her passionate pain. Too much moved to speak, the doctor covered his eyes with his hand to shut out the beautiful, anguished face.

"My life is one long misery to me now," she continued hoarsely. "Oh, will it ever be anything else, I wonder? Shall I ever lose the memory of those terrible hours? If you had seen her you would never have forgotten it either! Oh, how she suffered! how she suffered! She, who never wilfully hurt anyone or anything in her life, that she should have been so cruelly and basely wounded! What had she done, except be too good, and pure, and sweet? Oh, my darling, it is not vengeance I ask, it is only justice!"

Her voice rose almost to a scream as she spoke the last word. She stood white, wild, motionless, with both her hands clasped over her aching heart, then she sank into a chair and hid her face upon them.

With tears in his eyes the doctor put his hand upon the bowed head, pitying her, as in all his kind and compassionate life he had never pitied anyone before.

He knew how strong an affection bound her to her sister; he knew that, of necessity, no ordinary love existed between the two. Mabel had grown from childhood, owing all the brightness of her elder sister, who had been sister, mother, and friend to her.

To lose this dear one would, in any case, be a terrible blow, but to lose her thus suddenly, cruelly; to witness—in the very first hour of the home-coming to which both girls had looked forward to so eagerly—such terrible suffering, both of mind and body. Oh, surely such a trial as this had rarely been the lot of any tender, loving girl on the brink of womanhood.

No wonder she felt strongly, passionately, about this cruel wrong which had been done, yet, what could she do?—what wild project was in her mind? These were not days when people could be revenged upon their enemies by a hired stiletto, they were in the prosaic nineteenth century.

Every minute as it passed added to his intense conviction of Bell's inability to carry out the wild and desperate scheme of revenge she had formed, and which, in all probability, she would fail in carrying out.

Perhaps if she would confide in him, if she would tell him something of her plans, they might talk them over together more calmly than they had done hitherto, and he would, perhaps, succeed in discouraging her.

Poor foolish, unhappy child; she had been reading novels and dwelling upon them until her judgment was not to be depended upon; she was giving herself up to her grief and nursing her proposed vengeance until she was incapable of judging between right and wrong.

He had not been prudent either in his opposition to her plans, it would be wiser to explain the futility of them than to poohpooh them as he had done. If they talked them quietly over, it was just possible he might succeed in discouraging her, and prove to her how wild and foolish her intentions were. The desire to do was strong in his heart as he bent over her, and gently touched the bowed head.

"Tell me what you are going to do, Bell," he said gently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—In the United States, New York was the first State to abolish imprisonment for debt. This was in 1831. The other States soon followed that example, and though the insolvent laws now in existence in the several States of the Union differ greatly in detail, they all agree in permitting debtors their freedom except in cases wherein dishonesty and speculation render the debtor also amenable to the penal code.

As an item of interest it may be stated that a pile of strength that would reach half-way to the moon is wasted in this country every year by people holding up sheets of song-music who don't know a B flat note from the howl of a brindle cat.

Bric-a-Brac.

A BEETLE PICTURE.—A wonderful landscape on exhibition in Paris has been executed in European and foreign insects. Every desired tone is supplied by 45,000 bugs and beetles in the foreground and 4000 varieties of the insect tribe form the remainder of the pictures. The work required four years of the artist's time.

THE MARCH SNOW.—A strange custom in Germany, and one which obtains also in many parts of Ireland, is boiling the March snow. The water will, it is said, wash away freckles from the skin and make it clear and white. There is an old couplet based on this tradition, which runs:

The March snow and May dew
Make linen white and maidens, too.

BOOKS—USURY.—Books and papers were formerly sold only at stalls or stations, and the dealers were, therefore, called stationers. In time a certain class of the goods so sold came to be known as stationery. Till the fifteenth century no Christians were allowed to receive interest of money, and Jews were the only usurers, and therefore often banished and persecuted.

THE EYES.—Round-shaped eyes are never seen in the face of a highly intellectual person, but they denote a kindly, truthful and innocent nature. Eyes close together show penetration, but they also denote cunning and an untruthful disposition. The eyes which are far apart are indicative of frankness and simplicity of purpose, and an honest and guileless nature. When, however, the eyes are very far apart, they denote stupidity. Lines running along the eyelids from side to side denote a cheerful temperament, or, at any rate, one in whom the sense of fun is apt to be rather strong.

THE HORSE-SHOE SHAPE.—The Chinese, with all their education and intelligence, are in many things very superstitious. There are no railroads in China, though it is interwoven with telegraph lines. The reason given for there not being railroads (save, possibly, a few to coal mines) is that it would be necessary to pass through many cemeteries, and the dragon underneath would bring disaster. The good spirit lives in the south, and he brings peace and gladness; hence cemeteries are arranged in horse-shoe form to catch the good spirit. The natural features of Pekin are in the shape of a horse-shoe, the opening to the south; hence its location is far inland and difficult of access.

SOME BIBLICAL DATA.—Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241; verses in the New Testament, 7,959; the books of the Old Testament, 39; the books of the New Testament, 27; words in the Old Testament, 592,439; letters in the New Testament, 838,380; words in the New Testament, 181,253; chapters in the Old Testament, 929; letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100; chapters in the New Testament, 260; the word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times; the middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs; the middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job xxix; the middle verse of the New Testament is Acts xxii, 17; the shortest verse in the New Testament is John xi, 35; the longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther viii, 9; the middle book of the New Testament is Second Thessalonians; the middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

THE ASS.—Asses, like horses, are found in a wild state, but in greater abundance. This animal is found wild in many islands of the Archipelago, and in the deserts of Libya and Numidia. They live in herds, each having a chief, and are extremely timid. In early times the ass was held in high repute, for he was ridden both by the poor and the rich, and is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures. In the principal streets of Cairo, asses stand bridled and saddled for hire, and answer the same purpose as cabs in London. In Egypt and Arabia, asses are frequently seen of great size and elegance. Their step is light and sure, and their pace brisk and easy. They are not only in common use for riding in Egypt, but the Mohammedan merchants and ladies of the highest rank use them. In America, the ass is regarded as a stupid and contemptible animal. The Spaniards, on the contrary, bestow much pains upon him in endeavoring to improve the breed.

WORTH, the great French dressmaker, sketches his patrons in the following style: "I suppose Russian ladies are the greatest dancers in the world; English women are justly proud of their perfect complexions; the French lead the world in real elegance, and the American ladies impress me by the easy way in which they wear gorgeous gowns."

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.

The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—

They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion,
That tarries until too late.

And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

"THERE is one thing," said Marvel nervously—"I don't know how I shall ever look Mr. Savage in the face again. Oh, Cicely," with growing distress, "do you think he knows, has he heard what people have been saying?"

"How you run away with things! I have heard nobody say anything, and of course neither has Nigel. I merely wished to give you a hint as to what might be said, and you are making a regular mountain out of it. If you intend to change your manner to Nigel now, you will only cause double comment. For goodness sake do be rational and sensible, and don't act like a mere baby. Now look here," said Mrs. Verulam, who had by this time worked herself into a fine frenzy—"if you are going to cry, I shall go to my bed-room, and leave you to entertain the county. You won't like that! I'm downright sorry I spoke at all, and didn't let you give yourself over a prey to the sharks of society. Oh, no, I don't mean that!"—with swift contrition. "Darling child, don't believe a word I have said!"

"I shall try to be just the same to Mr. Savage to-day as usual. But I know I could not keep it up, Cicely, so I shall go away, up to the place in the North, to Ringwood Abbey. And perhaps, when you have got rid of your guests here, you will come and stay with me for a while."

"Oh, Marvel, I have driven you away from me!"

"You are the only person on earth who is really kind to me. Mr. Savage has been: but it seems I must not accept friendship at his hands. And you know yourself it is better I should go."

"Well, perhaps so," said Mrs. Verulam, with a sigh.

She felt as though some impending misfortune was hanging over her, as indeed the loss of Marvel, who had grown wonderfully dear to her, might be called.

She went about all the morning in a pining fashion, and at luncheon sent away plate after plate untasted.

Sir George, who was present, noticed this in his silent way, and was harassed with doubts and fears as to what was the cause of her evident dejection.

As the afternoon deepened, all the terraces and lawns grew gay with the many-colored garments of the guests, who drove over in skittish coaches and solemn barouches, respectable landaus and modest carts, to attend on Mrs. Verulam.

There was quite a small regiment of men from the Barracks in the next town, and a very large regiment of girls of all sizes and ages from the neighborhood around.

Lord Castlerock drove over quite a bevy of his own people, and Michael Davenant, the new M.P. in the Conservative interest, who was just then being brought a good deal into notice on account of his oratorical powers, brought his wife and three daughters.

Mrs. Davenant had all the remains of great beauty; but the daughters were all like their father—bronzed, freckled, "impossible."

"Are those the Davenants?" asked Sir George, putting up his glass.

"So I'm told," answered Dameron. "It's well to know, isn't it? I feel as if I'd had as much of an introduction to them as I shall ever want."

"Beauty doesn't run riot amongst 'em, it must be confessed," said Kitty mournfully. "If they were my offspring, I should put their heads in bags."

"Yet their mother, when Dora Forsyth, was an acknowledged belle," said Lady Lucy; "I remember her well when I was in the schoolroom. She had the impudence to marry a man without a feature; and"—with a shrug of her ample shoulders—"what will you? Those hopelessly ugly girls are the result. But the featureless man had golden charms; and, besides that, he is clever. Fosbrooke says he will carry all before him now."

"I'm glad he thought of it in time," said Mr. Dameron disdainfully, who, though she quarreled with him incessantly, could not endure hearing any other man accredited with clever qualities except her husband. "Is he so wonderfully clever? He has a head like a wooden horse."

"Clever? It's no name for it," said Kitty. "He is that sharp he could tell what you were writing if he only heard the scratching of your pen. He is going to play old Harry with the new Bill."

At that moment Mrs. Verulam passed by them, and Sir George went to meet her.

She was looking very pensive for her, and, though walking with a tall angular man, was hardly listening to what he was saying.

As Sir George reached her, she was giving some message to the tall man, who hurried off to deliver it.

"I have so wanted to speak to you!" said Sir George, in his deliberate way. "I am anxious to know what has occurred to trouble you."

"You presuppose a good deal. In the first place, how do you know I am troubled at all?"

"I haven't studied you for four years for nothing," said he calmly; "and, besides, your face is a tell-tale; and, another thing, you ate such a bad luncheon."

"Was it bad?" said she. "Oh, I am so sorry! And I was beginning to hope that this cook——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted he. "You know very well what I mean. But, if I am not to be allowed to help you—why, that is of course all about it."

"You help me," said she, with indignant reproach, "when the whole thing is all your fault! No, thank you!"

"Good heavens, what have I done now?" said the injured man.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied, at all events, at the result of your advice. I took it, and I am now the most miserable woman alive—I knew I should be. I knew, if I listened to anything you could say, I should be wretched ever after!"

"Cicely, do you know what you are saying? What on earth has happened?"

"It is all very well for you to look so virtuously innocent, but the fact remains that you have turned Marvel out of my house!"

"My dear girl, I haven't said a word to Lady Wriothesley for days beyond 'How d'ye do?' You have got some absurd notions mixed up in your head."

"I shall trouble you not to call me absurd. Do you deny that you advised me to speak to Marvel about the attentions of that odious Nigel? Come, now, do you deny that? Do you?"

"I have a vague remembrance of having said it would be a good thing if Lady Wriothesley was more on her guard; but, as to having advis——"

"Equivocator!" interposed Mrs. Verulam with fine contempt.

"Abuse me as you will," said he, with a resigned shrug, "I am accustomed to it; but, at the same time, tell me how all this has come to pass. I conclude you spoke to Lady Wriothesley, and she resented your interference, and——"

"Wrong, entirely wrong! Marvel has the temper of an angel, and resented nothing. But she thinks it wiser to go; and"—sighing—"perhaps it is. After a little while I shall follow her."

"Where to?"

"Ringwood Abbey."

"Ah!" said Sir George. He appeared sunk in unpleasant thought for a minute or two, and then brightened. "There is capital shooting in the North," he said kindly.

Mrs. Verulam gave way to mirth.

"If you expect Marvel to give you an invitation to her house, you are entirely out of it," she said. "I shan't give her a hint, I assure you."

"Who is making me out so inhospitable?" said Marvel herself at that instant. "So you know of my intended flight, Sir George"—with a shy glance at him and a blush—"and you want to test my covers! Come, then. I, at least, will promise you the heartiest of welcomes."

"There!" said Sir George, with a triumphant glance at Cicely, who made him a saucy little face in return. "Lady Wriothesley, a thousand thanks! I accept your kindest of invitations with all my heart."

They had joined some of the house-party; and Mrs. Scarlett, who was amongst them, looked at Marvel.

"Issuing invitations? Are you leaving them?" she asked.

"Almost directly. I am anxious, for many reasons, to go back to my northern home."

She tried to speak lightly; but Mrs. Scarlett possessed some strange influence over her—an influence almost mesmeric, that showed itself in an accession of nervousness whenever directly addressed by her.

"You go North? Why not South—to the Towers?"

"I prefer to go to Ringwood," said Marvel, feeling suddenly very sad and lonely.

That old first home, so dear, so beloved! To go to it again?

Oh, never, never! It would break her heart, she thought, to roam once more amongst its rooms and gardens, and let memory bring back, with its too cruel fidelity, all the sweet dead past, with its hopes and beliefs, born only to be ruthlessly destroyed.

"And yet I should have thought that the Towers would have won the day in your esteem," said Mrs. Scarlett, in her soft voice. "It was there, was it not, that you were wooed and won?"

"It was there I was married," said Marvel, in the stony way she had acquired to hide her pain.

Her color faded. She knew, with an agony disproportionate to the occasion indeed, yet not to be repressed, that the elder woman was looking at her, and marking and exulting over the sorrowful confusion that was overpowering her.

She would have given worlds to escape, but knew not how.

She sat there silent, wretched, until a voice broke on her ears that was as music to her in her present distress.

"Lady Wriothesley! What, buried alive in this stifling tent? Come forth, I pray you, and seek with me the sylvan shades and groves!"

What a kind voice it was! Had he guessed her extremity, and come to her aid? She raised her eyes, and returned the smile that Savage gave her with a little sad one of her own. She rose and went to him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"HAS she been amusing herself again?" asked Savage, looking intently into Marvel's white face as they moved away. "Why do you submit to it?" he said, with some heat. "Why not give her a Roland for her Oliver? Or, if you can't do that—I believe"—tenderly—"you couldn't—why not keep out of her way? She's a perfect fiend, that woman, when she likes."

"I am going to keep out of everybody's way," said Marvel, with a slight indrawing of her breath. "I am going back to where I came from—to the North."

"To that prison—that isolation? Oh, surely not!" cried he. "You are not in earnest? It is but the impulsive thought of an offended moment?"

He looked at her eagerly for confirmation of his words; but she shook her head.

"I am indeed going," she said, "and soon—at once."

"You cannot go at once. Next week perhaps."

"To-morrow," she interposed. "But do not speak of it to any one. I shall rise early, and catch the seven o'clock train, and be far away before breakfast. I am very anxious to be gone; and, except to you and Mrs. Verulam, and perhaps—yes—Lady Lucy, I shall have no farewells to make."

"But this is such a terribly sudden determination you have come to—to leave us all without a word of warning almost. You"—he looked at her keenly—"you must have some reason for it."

"Why should there be a reason?" said she, flushing faintly. "Have you never longed to get away to fresh fields? And that old place up there in the North is very lovely, I can tell you, in the autumn. And, besides——"

"You needn't go on," said he gloomily. "You do it very badly. Of course it was not to be expected that you would do it well—you to whom truth is as the breath you breathe. No; it is for something that hurts you that you are leaving us."

She grew a little paler.

"If such a reason exists," she said, "I pray you do not ask to learn it."

"I have no right to ask, I know that; but, if you could only trust me as your friend, I might——"

"Ah—my friend! That is what you must not be," said she, catching at the word.

When she had spoken, she knew she had made a fatal slip; but she did not know how to correct it or explain it away, and could only stand before him confused and miserable.

"I see," said he. He was silent for a while; and then—"So the gossiping tongues of those infer—those women have driven you into exile! May I ask what was the exact charge?"

"I was told, I heard, what I mean is," said she desperately, "that every one is saying you are in love with me!"

"Well?" said he.

The color had forsaken his cheek; and he looked so deadly pale that she grew frightened. Was he angry? No wonder, too, if he was!

"It is absurd!" she said hastily. "I know that as well as you do. I could have laughed at Cicely when she told me, only—only I was too upset by it. It is the most ridiculous story ever invented; but, you see, people insist on thinking it."

"And you?" said he.

He could hardly frame the words; yet he felt as if he must ask the question.

"I?" she said, as if hardly understanding; and then she knew, and the blood rushed in a tumult to her face, and her eyes filled with tears of shame. "Oh, surely, surely," she said, "you cannot think that I ever believed so false a tale—I, who knew you so well! Oh, indeed I am not surprised that you are angry about it, but not with me! You should not blame me; it is not my fault at all! I can quite understand how it vexes you. To be accused of being in love with a woman when you are not, and that woman married too. Oh, it is shameful. But I have done all I could for you. I have assured Cicely that you only like me as you like many others; and she will explain to the rest, I hope. I'm so sorry about it! I feel as if it were all my fault," she said, laying her hand gently on his arm.

A desire to laugh took hold of him—a desire nearly akin to tears. Did she know nothing? How sweet she was—how dear—how far from him! He laid his own hand over the pretty slender one upon his arm, and then, bending his head, kissed it reverently.

"Ah, yes! It was not my fault, was it?" said she, believing herself absolved from a share in this dark conspiracy against his peace.

"It is the fault of evil minds," said he. "You could have nothing to do with it. But will you give in so tamely to a few spiteful women? Why not stay and brave it out, and cast their scandal back in their teeth?"

"I could not," she said slowly. "It is very foolish of me, I suppose; but I have not the courage for it. The very thought of it terrifies me. And is it not cruel," she said, with a little childish trembling of her lovely lips, "that I may not have you for my friend, because—because——"

"Your husband chooses to live at the other end of the world," supplied he. "They are all ready to fall upon you and rend you in pieces. But what of him? Is he doing his duty? Is he——"

"I cannot let you speak of Lord Wriothesley," said she gently. "You do not know him, you cannot, therefore, judge him. And in this matter he is not to be blamed at all.

"I will regard him as a suffering saint if you wish it," said he impatiently—he felt it a trifle overdrawn, her defence of the man she did not love—"or rather, with your permission, I will let him fade from my mind. The one thing I must remember now is that you are going away; and who could replace you?"

He spoke with deep feeling.

"You are sorry that I am going?" she said sweetly. "I am so glad of that! I should not have liked you to be indifferent. Ever since auntie's death those who liked me have been very few—you and Cicely only—that is, of those outside." She corrected herself confusedly. "Of course Lord Wriothesley——"

"Of course," said Savage very courteously.

"But it is strange, is it not, how solitary I remain? Do you know," gazing at him earnestly, "there was a time when I began to fear I was a person whom no one could like. And that thought was terrible. Then you came, and"—with a lovely trustful smile at him—"I knew I was mistaken."

Oh to tell her he loved her! There arose within him a reckless determination to do it, to lay bare to her the passionate longings of his soul, to compel those innocent eyes to fall and hide themselves away from his, to kill forever the childish blessed unconsciousness of evil, so near, yet so undreamt of, that tormented whilst it charmed him as he had never in all his careless life been charmed before.

But the serenity of the smile still lingering on her perfect face conquered him. He did not dare destroy it!

He did not speak for a long time, watching her in his silence, and trying to fathom the calm depths of her eyes.

What lay hidden beneath? Would she always be calm as this? And, if not, for whom would she awake? Her serenity sank into him and soothed him in spite of himself.

What peace lay upon her brow! She was far apart from the world in which she moved.

Her lips, so loving, yet so cold, her stainless brow, her eyes—— "And her eyes are as eyes of a dove."

"Mistaken indeed!" he said, in answer to her; but it was rather of himself he spoke.

To have given his heart in this irrevocable way to an object so unattainable was indeed the very madness of folly; but it was too late to think of that now.

"I shall steal away," she said presently, thinking of her journey on the morrow. "I shall say good-bye to-night to Cicely and to Lady Lucy and you; and I shall think on my way of how they—the others—will wonder when they hear of my flight."

She laughed as she said this; and, though her laugh was very sorrowful, it angered him.

"You at least are not sorry to leave us," he said. "We are all nothing to you! You have a heart of ice!"

"You often wrong me," she said reproachfully, "but you have never wronged me more than now! I am going only because I must. If I could, I would gladly stay. If I were not married, for instance, I——"

"Do not talk of that!" he exclaimed, with some agitation; then, as if he could no longer restrain himself, he said: "To make that possible, I would give half my life."

"Why?" said she. "Oh, I know. Yes—to save me from the unkind comment that now annoys me. But that will pass away. Indeed it is all so strange that I hardly understand."

"No," said he; "you do not understand at all!"

He stood looking moodily upon the ground; he hardly knew if he wished her to understand. If she did, she would, he felt, cease to be the Marvel he adored.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked presently.

"I don't know."

"Or care, it seems to me. Well, all the cackling women in Europe shall not prevent my seeing you again—of that I warn you! If you are silly enough to give way to them, I am not. You are not going to spend the rest of your life at Ringwood Abbey, I suppose?"

"I shall stay there for some time," said she, hesitating.

"Until it please your lord and master to return, do you mean? Are you going to

bury yourself alive until then? If so, I may as well bid you an eternal farewell at once, and be done with it."

"I don't know why you should speak like that! Lord Wriothesley may return at any moment; he is just the sort of person to come when least expected. Why did you say it? Do you think I am so hateful to him that the very fact of my being here keeps him from his home? Is that what you think?"

She was evidently deeply offended and wounded by a suggestion that was all the more hurtful because it had so often forced itself upon her as a miserable truth.

"If I told you all I think about your husband," said Savage recklessly, "I should offend you even more than I have already done."

She sighed deeply. After all, these were the things she had to submit to.

He, Fulke, had placed her in such a position as laid her open to painful sneers and innuendoes. She looked so sad that Savage's heart smote him.

"Forgive me! It is presumption on my part to be angry for you," he said. "I shall try to steel my heart and lay a watch upon my tongue in future. So—are we never to meet again?"

"I have half promised Lady Lucy to go to her at Christmas," said she doubtfully; "but I believe, once the spell of utter loneliness grows on me again, I shall not care to break its charm."

"I shall get myself invited by Lady Lucy for next December, in spite of that," said he. "By-the-by, you wouldn't like to give me an invitation to Ringwood in the meantime, would you?"

"Oh, no!" declared she; and then she burst out laughing. "Nothing would induce me," she said; "so it is of no use your hinting."

He laughed too.

"I expect, even though you do call me your friend, you will be very glad to see the last of me for sometime," he said. "I have a vague idea that I have been making myself more than ordinarily disagreeable. You should forgive me however. I have heard sufficient to make me unhappy enough for anything."

"Oh, yes, that horrid story! But, as it isn't true, I don't think you ought to care so much."

They were now again in sight of one of the tennis courts, and came upon a party of lookers-on, who sat on garden-seats or anything else handy, and made merry over the mistakes of the players.

"Is that you, Marvel?" said Lady Lucy Verulam. "Come over here and sit down beside me. It is as good a thing as you are likely to see—Lord Castlerock's attempt at tennis."

Marvel went over and sat down beside her.

The day came to an end at last, as all days will. When bed-time arrived, and all the women were trooping upstairs to their respective rooms, Marvel lingered a little behind to say good night to Lady Lucy Verulam.

That loud and strong-minded person had begun by being civil to her for policy's sake, and had ended by liking her for her own.

"Good night," said Marvel, in a low earnest voice, holding out her hand.

"The same to you, and many of them," said Lady Lucy. "I conclude by the tragical tone of you that it was not a mere canard of Cicely's when she told me you were going away in the morning? Yes, I know it is a secret. I am speaking as low as Nature will permit; and I can quite appreciate your abhorrence of explaining matters and bidding senseless adieux to people whom you heartily pray you may never meet again."

"At all events, I did not feel like that towards you," said Marvel, with a smile. "I was quite determined to give you a good-bye, whatever befell."

She paused, and then said gravely, "You have been very kind to me."

"Pshaw!" said Lady Lucy. "I know a lovely answer I could make to that; but soft speeches are not in my line. Of course I know why you are going, I wormed that out of Cicely, though I guessed beforehand, as there is always sure to be some idiotic man at the bottom of everything; and, as for Nigel Savage, he isn't by any means good enough! I hope"—sharply—"you don't think of him?"

"I do indeed, very often," said Marvel loyally—"but not as you mean. All that is absurd!" she said, with some impatience. "How could I when I am married?"

"Quite so," said Lady Lucy, who felt she would not have laughed for anything. "Well, don't stay in the North for ever; you should divide your favors. And, remember, I hold you bound to me for Christmas."

"I remember," said Marvel, who did not know how to say she would rather be released from that engagement.

Her tone was rather faint, and she consoled herself by thinking that time sometimes solves all difficulties.

"You mean to try to get out of it," said Lady Lucy, laughing; "but you sha'n't. Don't attempt such a hopeless task with me. I warn you not to plead indisposition as an excuse, as I shall neither take nor believe it. And now good night, child, and good-bye for a month or two."

Marvel held out her hand, but Lady Lucy drew her to her and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"Put your faith in Cicely," she said very kindly, "she is your friend, and she will advise you well; she is a really good little thing."

So they parted with an eulogium upon Mrs. Verulam, which Marvel cordially indorsed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE music of the many birds rang loudly through all the sweet freshness of the early morn; Marvel, who had risen soon after the day was fully born, stood at her open window listening to them.

She felt a deep regret that she was leaving Cicely, a lesser one, but still a regret, that she was taking herself voluntarily away from the gay life into which Cicely had introduced her.

It had been pleasant to her, she acknowledged with a sigh, but it was at an end.

She leaned out to gather some late roses that had climbed so high, and in doing so became aware of a figure standing motionless in the shrubberies just opposite to the window.

She had only time to see that it was a man, and that his face was upturned to where she stood, when the figure moved away abruptly and disappeared into a thick bit of greenery.

She thought the man resembled Savage in form, but scarcely believed he had been so disinterested as to quit his bed to bid her a second farewell.

She hardly waited indeed to argue out the chances for and against his so doing, but, gathering her roses, went down to the breakfast-room.

Cicely was there awaiting her. She had got up, in spite of Marvel's remonstrances, to pour her out the "stirrup-cup," as she insisted on calling the coffee.

She was evidently very much depressed, and made Marvel promise over and over again that she would write a line to her the very moment after her arrival.

"And don't let Nigel ask himself to Ringwood," she said. "He is equal to anything, I know; but, if he hints at such a thing, be stone-deaf."

She put in two or three words of wisdom whilst the dull breakfast that Marvel did not enjoy was in course of not being consumed, and at the last, when she had Marvel in her arms, began to cry.

"I sha'n't go to the door with you," she said, "because I can't bear servants to see me crying, they are such r supercilious lot. And, even if they did believe I was as truly sorry as I am to lose you, their sympathy would be worse than their contempt. Now, Marvel, if you don't write, I shall know you have been smashed up in some horrid railway-accident, and I shall go and look for your remains, and when found, shall give them a scolding to which all my other tirades shall be as the cooings of the dove!"

Thus, between laughing and crying, she bade her friend good-bye, and, in spite of her horror of the servants' prying eyes, followed her to the hall door, and saw her and the faithful Barton buried in the depths of the family brougham.

The horses started, the carriage went quickly up the avenue.

Just at the corner, even as Mrs. Verulam stood taking a last look at it, holding up her hand to her forehead to shade her eyes from the now glowing sun, she saw a young man dart out of the side-walk and precipitate himself, as it seemed to her, upon the front wheels.

The horse drew up once more, and she saw that it was Savage armed with roses. These he flung into the carriage; and, leaning through the window, he addressed some eager words to one of the occupants. Even Mrs. Verulam, who always tried to imagine the best, felt it was hopeless to think that those words were addressed to the discreet Burton.

The words were brief however, and indeed the whole scene was over in a few moments.

A pretty slender hand was extended through the window, and Savage, raising his hat, stooped and kissed it. Then the carriage rolled on again, and Savage disappeared.

"It is just as well she has gone, after all," she mused, "if that was going to be the sort of thing. It wouldn't have done at all. Nigel is so hopelessly imprudent! Fancy kissing her hand under the eyes of seventeen windows! Want of brains, I call it."

* * * * * *

The loneliness of her northern home sank deep into Marvel.

She missed the brightness, the laughter of the days she had left behind her, marred though they were by the studied impertinence of the woman whom her husband loved.

Mrs. Verulam was prevented from coming to her until the last week in November, so that much time was given her to grow sad and disappointed with the monotony of her surroundings.

With Mrs. Verulam—or at least on the day after her arrival—came Sir George, to the former's real or affected chagrin. She had taken honest measures to prevent his knowing the date of her visit to Marvel, yet it appeared he had been aware of it from the first. She found some faint consolation in dubbing him scornfully "a private detective."

Cicely brought her child with her, who was enchanted at finding herself alone with her mother and the two friends whom her childish heart had elected to honor; and indeed for the quartet there began a time that was fraught with only peace and a rare content.

Sir George shot all the day, and in the evening was made much of by the women, whilst the "Mouse" saved him from being utterly spoiled by keeping up a running scolding anent his destruction of "those poor lovely birdies."

Marvel's first question almost had been as to Savage's whereabouts; and she asked about him and discussed him with such a healthy openness as went farther than all the protestations in the world to convince Mrs. Verulam of her indifference to him. However Nigel himself might have been singed in that fire though which they both had passed, Marvel at least had remained untouched and heart-whole.

"He has gone South somewhere," she said, in answer to Lady Wriothesley's questions—"to Italy, he told me. But I firmly believe he has wandered away to Marseilles, to see again that musty railway-station where first his eyes fell on you."

Marvel laughed at this, treating it as a mere joke, though Mrs. Verulam was more than half in earnest. In her opinion he was infatuated enough for anything.

She stayed until the second week in December, and told Marvel that she had been commissioned by Lady Lucy to take her down with her to Verulam Court.

"No refusal will be accepted," she said; "and your word is given; so get Burton to see to your things at once. Did you really believe I should let you vegetate here? And, Marvel, on our way through town you must come with me to a ball that is to be given by the Marchioness of Blaine, Lucy's mother! It is to be a very special affair, and only very special people will be present. It is to be given in honor of a foreign Prince who is being pretty well toadied now in the inner circles of all; and two, if not three, of our own Royalties will also be present. Lady Blaine said she would be only too charmed to receive you; and Lucy too has set her heart on your being there."

"I really think, considering all things, I would rather not," said Marvel shyly. The separation from her husband always weighed heavily upon her.

"Nonsense! What things? It is an occasion not to be missed, and I shall tease you into coming. Every one worth seeing will be there, and, in fact, they are making a tremendous fuss about it."

"Make up your mind to go to it, Lady Wriothesley," said Sir George. "If you don't, she will leave you without a mind to make up. Besides, really it will give you pleasure; and, as we are all going, you will have a party of friends around you. I know you fear a crowd," he ended, with a kindly laugh.

"Very well," said Marvel, laughing. "If I am to be taken possession of bodily, a ball more or less will make little difference."

So it was decided; and on the eighth they all traveled southwards.

Marvel had insisted on Cicely's being her guest in the house on Grosvenor Square, which she herself had as yet never seen.

There they would stay for Lady Blaine's ball, which was to be on the seventeenth, after that go down to Verulam Court.

* * * * * *

The rooms were crowded to excess, and to get up the broad marble staircases had become quite a labor of love.

The tall bronze lamps fastened to the balusters shed down a warm rose-colored glow upon the brilliant forms that made a perpetual, if slow, movement up and down the stairs, and the perfume of hot-house flowers made the air heavy.

It was long past midnight. The foreign Prince and the home Royalties had arrived some time previously, and the Marchioness of Blaine—a very old woman of about eighty, with the carriage and air of a queen—had given up receiving her guests, and was devoting herself with a sort of regal graciousness to his Serene Mightiness the stranger-Prince.

There was a murmur everywhere—a ripple of laughter sometimes, a burst of music as the band broke into a musical rapture. Every one worth knowing was present.

Some of the gowns were marvels of ingenious beauty, but it was unanimously carried that Mrs. Scarlett was, as usual, the best-dressed woman present; yet one could hardly tell what it was she wore.

As she walked in the slow, graceful, sinuous fashion that distinguished her, she seemed to emit little sapphire sparks; and there was a band of those stones around her neck fit for a king's ransom.

All the world there remarked that the foreign Prince was greatly struck with her. He was nothing very much to look at as he stood; but then he was of blood-royal, which covers a multitude of ugly features. Mrs. Scarlett roused herself sufficiently to be calmly civil to him.

"How lovely she looks to-night!" said Marvel, who was gazing at her in a fascinated way. "Who said she was no longer young?"

"Some horrid low person, of course," said Dameron, with a little eloquent sniff.

"By Jove, isn't she clever?" said Mr. Kitts, who was always everywhere. He spoke in a tone of rapturous admiration. "She has been going it with the pigments, and no mistake! Saw her a week ago at Chatterton's, and you'd have given her about a week to live—no more. What a maid is here! Like the good lady we read of, her price must be above rubies!"

"The Prince seems taken with her."

"If he'd take her with him, it would be a relief to some people," said Dameron, who hated Mrs. Scarlett for reasons unknown. "But there is no such luck, I suppose. 'Put not your faith in princes.' See the adoring look on his face! I wonder how she manages to call it up."

"'She wreathed her head with roses,
She wreathed her face in smiles;
Her artificial poses
That simple man beguiles.'

Impromptu, quite impromptu, I assure you Lady Wriothesley!" said Kitts, with a modest smile.

"We can readily believe it. It is bad enough for anything," said Dameron.

"You're jealous," declared Kitts. "Oh, why isn't Mrs. Geraint, the modern Sappho, here, to applaud and understand me?"

"By-the-by, what of her?" asked Lord Castlerock, who at this time was dancing attendance on Marvel.

"Not much. The poems still hang on her hands—it would be invidious to say heavily, but certainly they hang. I hear she has not even yet quite made up her mind about her publisher."

"She never will," growled Lord Castlerock. "Never read such rot in all my life! She's about the stupidest woman I know."

"Well, I don't know," said Lady Lucy. "When she first comes in, as it were, I grant you she is really nothing—too orthodox by half. But, when she warms up a bit, and lets herself go, she is worth a good deal. On the subject of her own genius, for example, she is superb."

At that moment Lady Wriothesley made a sudden movement, and a rose-flush mounted to her face.

"Nigel! You!" she said, and held out her hand to him.

She looked unfeignedly glad to see him again.

So ingenuous was the warmth of her reception that Dameron, who might have had his doubts before, had none now.

It was the simple pleasure of a child she showed; all her feeling was laid bare; one might have been sure there was nothing behind.

Savage, on the contrary, seemed constrained and, if it could be said of so thorough a man of the world—nervous. He took her hand and held it fast, whilst a dark red color dyed his brow.

"I did not know, I had not heard," he stammered foolishly; and then all at once he recovered himself, and drew his breath sharply, and flung up his head as if in derision of his own weakness. "I believed you still in the North," he said.

"I could almost believe myself there, the determination to leave it has been such a recent one," said she, laughing.

"You ought to give us warning, Lady Wriothesley; you should not take us by storm like this. It is ruin to our nerves," said Kitts, who as a rule always said the wrong thing—he had indeed a talent for it.

Marvel smiled, not comprehending; but Savage scowled, and Dameron came to the rescue.

The whole of this little scene—the start, the welcome—had been witnessed by a man who had come in through the doorway at the farthest end of the room—a tall man with a distinctly military air and a face browned by distant suns.

He appeared to know no one, and not to regret the fact, as he stood well apart from every fresh incomer, and at last edged his way into a remote corner where a magnificent majolica jar filled with pampas grasses formed an effectual hiding-place. There he stood at ease and looked around him.

It was from this coign of vantage that he caught his first glimpse of Marvel. It was only a glimpse, and an imperfect one, as she was so standing that he could see her only by flashes, as the people round her moved this way and that; but the view he did get held him.

The lights were shining directly on the bronze of her soft hair and on the rich white folds of the velvet gown she wore—a gown too old for her perhaps, yet it seemed to suit the gentle dignity that belonged to her, and it sat exquisitely upon her *svelte* girlish figure.

Her face, as usual, was colorless, save for the red lips and the dark gleam of the lustrous eyes; diamonds flashed whenever she moved, and high up in her hair shone the famous Wriothesley star. But the man watching her from his secret corner was too much attracted by the indistinct glimpses he caught of her face to take any notice of such minor details as diamonds.

Once again she turned in his direction, and again he saw her for a moment only. Those marvelous eyes, they seemed to sink into his soul—so true, so deep, so tender!

Where before had he seen eyes like them, yet unlike? He had a vague idea that those dimly-remembered eyes had belonged to a child, whereas these were full of the sweet earnest beauty of pure womanhood.

What a lovely face—one that might well haunt the beholder! It was haunting him just now, as Marvel had laid her hand upon Lord Castlerock's arm and had vanished out of his sight.

He stirred himself then, and came from behind the majolica jar with a vague notion of following the lovely vision in white velvet. As he moved, a voice spoke in his ear, a hand clutched his arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASN'T SATISFIED.—What's the nationality of them?" said a tall woman with a determined eye as she pointed her parasol at the elephants in the circus.

"African, mum," replied the man in attendance.

"Awful light colored for coming from Africa, it seems to me," continued the determined-eyed woman. "And, see here, you just tell the owners of this show that I think they have got a poor lot of camels—all of them single-humped except one. When I pay fifty cents cash for myself, and a quarter for each of the children, to get in, I want to see more double-humpers, and less hair rubbed off of 'em in spots. You just tell 'em what I say!"

HAND AND HEART.

BY J. CASSELL.

"Why do I love her?" I cannot tell:
I only know the sweet charm I feel—
Know that I love the dear one well—
Warm as the sunbeam and true as steel.
Why does the nightingale love the rose?
Why does the honey bee love the flower?
Why in the spring-time do buds disclose
To the warm sun-ray and the gentle shower?

"Why do I love her?" For everything
That charms the life of a maiden true;
Love her as birdlings love the spring,
As thirsty rose-buds love the dew;
Love her for every royal grace
That seems of herself a living part—
Her genial smiles, her beautiful face,
Her fair white hand, and her loyal heart.

The Midnight Ride.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLLIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

COPFORD MANOR-HOUSE was an awful place. To be sure I was only eighteen, and had just left school, and might have been supposed to carry my own brightness about with me; but there was a ghastly desolation about the abode of my ancestors which was calculated to quench any youthful spirits at a moment's notice.

I shall never forget my feelings when I first beheld it, surrounded by its three antique moats crossed by bridges which might have been Queen Matilda's first historic efforts of engineering, and its mouldering gray walls thrown into high relief by a background of funereal firs.

Aunt Alicia never wearied of discoursing of the days of our grandeur, when Copford Manor-house entertained royalty, and Black Gervase, my grandfather some generations removed, stabled thirty horses in his stalls, fed forty guests beneath his roof, and was famous, among other manly and noble accomplishments, for his bold riding, his reckless gambling, and his hard drinking.

Nobody, to look at Copford Manor-house in these degenerate days, would have given it credit for the exciting, if somewhat naughty, episodes which had enlivened its youth.

My aunt, in her very proper, if dull, black satin and unbecoming cap, was the liveliest figure to be seen ascending the black oak staircase, which still bore the marks of Black Gervase's bay mare's hoofs when he rode up the first flight and horsewhipped his head groom on the upper landing, and the sleek carriage horses and my uncle's cob were the sole denizens of the vast gray range of stables in the hollow below the hill, where my ancestor of pious memory had kept his stud.

Two elderly people like my aunt and uncle (everybody naturally put Aunt Alicia first) and a handful of servants in a vast rambling old house only serve to make the size and loneliness more apparent.

I should think for generations no child had shouted in the dreary old paneled nurseries, nor lovers had wandered in the aged shrubberies, where the syringas and laburnums grew in gnarled confusion.

Why my relations maintained a condition of things so dull, so monotonous, and so dreary I could never fathom.

In spite of Black Gervase (it sounds a horridly disrespectful way to speak of one's great-grandfather, but I never heard him called anything else) and his festive behavior, which somewhat reduced the ancestral revenues, my uncle's income would still have sufficed to support three ordinary families in luxury, and the plate jewels at Copford were a proverb in the county.

The fact was, my aunt was so absorbed in contemplating the past glories of the race to which she belonged that she never thought of enjoying life in the nineteenth century, and my uncle had reached an age when old port, steady carriage horses, and shilling whist were vital matters of existence in his sight.

I was only an orphan grand-niece, very insignificant and unworthy of any notice—only redeemed from contempt and outer darkness by the Blessington name and strain.

Aunt Alicia had nieces and nephews by the score, nearer by far in point of relationship than myself, and fawned and flattered, and felt sure their claims to a succession to Copford must be felt by dear aunt and uncle, and who were ready to tear me limb from limb when I went to stay at Copford Manor-house, where an invitation was looked upon as a royal summons.

For my own part I was not at all flattered.

I knew my own position quite well, and that there was no reason to suppose aunt would have been troubled about me if she could have helped it; but, in point of fact, I had left school, and there was no place on earth for me to go.

Had I been the penniless daughter of any other naval officer on earth my aunt would have advised my taking a nursery governess's place, and washed her hands of me; but I was a Blessington—a thing that could not work for its living and disgrace the name, yet might not starve, for the family credit.

So I was ordered to come and stay at Copford.

I came, meekly enough outwardly, and glad enough of a home for the time being, till I could decide how my living must be earned.

For to work I was determined; the hideous role of poor dependent was one which called all the Blessington pride I owned into arms against the very thought. Odd that the same pride my aunt and I shared (she had been her husband's cousin, and boasted that she was a Blessington in blood as well as in name) should have driven us to such different standpoints! She thought it shame for a Blessington to work for her bread; I blushed at the thought of eating the bread of charity, even if it came from a Blessington's hand.

So I only looked on Copford as a harbor of refuge—a very stagnant harbor—where I could trim my sails and refit before I started out to battle with the storms of life again.

Very stagnant the harbor certainly was.

I used to try and fancy sometimes what the exquisitely smooth bowling green would look like with tennis-nets across it and a gay party at play, or how the polished floor in the long gallery would do for dancing; but fancy had to tell a very flattering tale.

Once in every three months my aunt gave a dinner-party.

I was providentially spared from ever assisting at one of these functions, and twice a year she had out the family coach for three consecutive days and made up all her calls in the neighborhood.

Dull dinners and afternoon musicals completed the list of outside amusements, and they were somewhat of the nature of angelic visitations in point of number and frequency.

Aunt Alicia explained the reason of this to me.

"Society in Sussex," she would say, with a curve of her thin lip, "is not what it was in happier days. Most of the old families have utterly died out, and their place is taken by vulgar nouveaux riches, whom no one knows. As for this neighborhood the depot at Warnchester has ruined it. Soldiering is all very well, and more than one Blessington has held a commission in the Guards; but when it comes to a horde of shabby infantry officers and their underbred wives one must draw the line somewhere!

I could not help wishing she would draw it the other side of the Warnchester regiments, infantry or otherwise, for I caught a glimpse sometimes of handsome merry-faced young men in Warnchester High Street as we shopped majestically from the family coach, and I thought they looked so pleasant and amusing.

But Aunt Alicia's decisions were like the parliamentary decrees of the Medes and Persians.

This being the state of affairs, judge of the delightful flutter into which I was thrown, three weeks after my arrival at Copford, by the news of an infirmary ball, to be held at the Warnchester Assembly-rooms.

Aunt being one of the patronesses there was no question as to our being present, but she took the precaution of arming me for the perils of the night by many grave and solemn warnings as to my behavior, judicious selection of partners, and like weighty matters; to all of which I listened with a profound attention but a joyous heart.

I had never been to a ball in all my life, and to have a whole blissful night of waltzing to the strains of the hussar band on a floor which even aunt allowed to be "excellent for the performance of minuets," not even Aunt Alicia's store of faded maxims had power to damp the pure ecstasy of my anticipations.

Being a Blessington I must needs be nobly attired, and if anything could have added a single drop of bliss to the cup that was already overflowing, it would have been the sight of a figure I saw reflected in the tall old Queen Anne mirror as I turned the last corner of the broad staircase—a figure snowy white, from its lace flounces and bouquet of Devonienis roses to the slender necklace—a single string of antique pearls, part of the dowry of Black Gervase's poor child-bride, whose heart he broke three months from their marriage morning.

The great heavy coach, which was our only means of locomotion, had been built for my uncle's wedding journey forty years ago, and I comforted myself by the reflection that, however lumbering might be our progress, those lace flounces ran no such risk of crushing as they would have done in a brougham of the present day.

My uncle slumbered peacefully in his corner, my aunt sat erect in her plumes and diamonds, and improved the occasion, as usual; but I am bound to confess I did not hear or heed a single word.

Oh, that ball! Shall I ever have such another if I live to be a hundred? Charley says—— but there! I'm getting ahead of my story.

My first partner was a younger son of a Sussex family, old enough even to dance with a Blessington.

I had always read in novels that younger sons were endowed with all the beauty, wit, and cleverness in which elder sons were invariably deficient, but to-night I found that novels did not always cling to truth.

At all events, if such a natural endowment of cadet branches were the rule, my present partner was born to prove it by grammatical precedent.

We were making our way back to Aunt Alicia at the close of what I could not conscientiously describe as an exciting set of lancers, when a young man I had seen on the outer staircase as we arrived hurried up to my partner and touched him on the arm, with a few low words.

My scion of a lengthy line bowed, and, turning, introduced him to me.

"Mr. Smith, Miss Blessington." "Smith!" I thought, "what an ordinary name for such a splendid-looking man," but before that night was out I could have forgiven him any name.

I bowed, Mr. Smith bowed.

There was a murmur of pleasure and an answering murmur of delight, and when I reached my chaperon's side it was with a somewhat guilty conscience, and a card with the signature "C. C. Smith," in a firm, bold hand, three times repeated upon its surface.

My lucky star—if by any chance I possess one—must have been in the ascendent that night if it never was before.

How else could it have happened that Aunt Alicia, who knew her duties as chaperon to the letter, who would have died rather than suffer me to dance with partners other than of her own selection, who would have burnt to death in her armchair rather than forsake her post, should yet have permitted me to escape her watchful eye?

From my inmost heart I blessed the deputy-lieutenant of the county, who held her in conversation for two whole dances, during which I left her and returned to her without possibility of remark.

Finally, he entreated her to be his partner in a rubber, and offered his wife as her representative in the chaperoning line in her absence.

Aunt Alicia graciously complied, placed me under the wing of old Lady Northover, who was good-nature itself, and sailed off to the card-room, where my uncle was already engaged, on Sir George Northover's aged arm.

My deputy-chaperon was neither keen of sight nor quick of comprehension, besides having two grand-daughters of her own to find partners for, and I think she was relieved that I troubled her so little. At all events I hoped so.

For my own part, having dutifully filled my card with the eligible but dull partners approved by Aunt Alicia, I felt I had earned the right to at least some small enjoyment of my own, and that enjoyment I obtained from the society of Mr. Smith.

His waltzing! Ah! I had often heard of the poetry of motion, but I never knew before what it meant.

Down the long ball-room we floated together, moved as by one power, feeling as though borne on the passionate throb of the music, wrapped in bliss.

At least I was; I don't know what Cha ——, Mr. Smith, I mean, thought about it.

To my great surprise it seemed as if we had known each other for a long time by the end of that first exquisite waltz.

I never felt so utterly at my ease with anyone before, and he had a most comfortable way of understanding exactly what I meant before the words were well out of my mouth.

I wasn't always so fortunate. Once, when we paused for breath, he said something about cycles, which I thought a poetical way of speaking of ages of time, till I found he meant wheeled machines—bicycles, and tricycles, and things of that sort.

I didn't know much upon the subject, I fear, but I had heard my aunt speak of that order of vehicle, in terms of unbounded reprobation, as an invention of the enemy—one of the evil signs of the latter end of the world, and a certain indication of immorality and vulgarity on the part of any man who rode one.

I therefore quoted these views, proud of my little information, and was astonished to find them received with a burst of mirth which somewhat took me aback.

"Some day you shall see mine," he said, when he recovered enough gravity to speak. "Mine is a Humber," but I don't think it is really more steeped in sin than any other make; you shall judge for yourself."

And then, seeing me look dignified—for no woman likes to be laughed at, and after all it was Aunt Alicia's absurdity, and not mine—he begged my pardon so contritely, and seemed so angry with himself for having vexed me, even for a minute, that I could not help forgiving him completley.

"And so you live at Copford Manor-house?" he said as we slowly descended the crimson-covered staircase together.

All, all was at an end! that one night from Paradise vanished with the gray summer dawn that greeted us at the open doorway, where the sleek bays were pawing the cobble stones in their zeal to bear the family coach on its homeward journey.

He had been waiting outside the cloak-room door, and offered me his arm as I emerged.

Slowly, slowly we wandered down those few steps, my uncle's greatcoat and my aunt's hood bobbing before us.

"Copford Manor house! And do you ever take any walks?"

"There is only one to take," I said mournfully. "Only one road runs near the house; there is but one way of escape; the long carriage-drive that crosses the three moats and passes through the pine-wood. There's no other way from the high road to the Manor-house except a footpath over the fields."

"And do you often walk that way?"

"Sometimes."

There was no time for another word. One last hand-shake, and I was in my own corner of the family coach, the door banged, we were off.

I sank back upon the cushions, and caught one more glimpse of him as we turned the corner, still standing motionless and bare headed on the lowest step of the staircase gazing after us.

Perhaps it was not us after all; yet it looked like it, and I hoped so.

I needed one little ray of hope to brace me up for the evil quarter of an hour which I knew too well was prepared for me.

"And who," inquired my aunt, in her iciest tones, "is the gentleman who conducted you to the carriage, may I ask?"

"He is in the West Rutlandshire," I murmured.

"An infantry subaltern!" My aunt's voice was a study. "Did I actually see you dance twice with him? I should be glad to hear how you made his acquaintance."

Twice! Oh, my guilty soul! Five times and supper was the awful record on the card I had hidden in the folds of my laces.

"Mr. Treloar introduced him," I explained.

"Unheard-of conduct on Gerald Treloar's part. And may I be permitted to hear the young man's name?"

"It's—in fact it's—that is to say, it's Mr. Smith," I faltered.

"Smith!" my aunt fell back among the cushions. "Don't let me hear of your ever dancing with him again, if you please," she said with polite coldness.

I assented meekly. If ever I had the chance of dancing with him again she should not hear of it, I thought.

Already I had begun to tread the downward path.

"Smith, Smith!" murmured my uncle from under his mufflers. "Smith, of the West Rutlandshire? Oh, aye! nice fellow enough—meet him at the club—civil and modest for these times. Rides a tricycle to all the meets for miles round."

"A tricycle!" almost shrieked my aunt, and was silent.

Then she sat up with a revengeful energy.

"Violet Blessington!" she ejaculated, in a voice of stony determination, "I forbid you to bow to that young man; do you hear me?"

I heard.

CHAPTER II.

ALL the flowers in the old-fashioned beds before the house seemed perfectly revelling in the sunshine the next afternoon when I strolled out after luncheon and sauntered across the bowling-green.

My uncle was composing himself for that afternoon nap precious to the elderly, and my aunt had retired to her room with a novel; it was a time of day when I was always given over to my own devices.

Should I go for a walk? It was a sin to waste such exquisite weather—a squandering of the good gifts of Providence.

Would it look, well—er—pointed, after what Mr. Smith said last night? Certainly not; Mr. Smith had of course forgotten all that nonsense hours ago, and I really could not let fancies of that feverish description rob me of my necessary exercise.

Which way should I go? Over the fields to the church, and call at the vicarage to ask for that crewel-work pattern?

Dear, no! the field path was so sunny—one would be scorched to death. Of course, then, since there was positively no other way, it must be the moat road.

If only I had a dog to take as a reason for my promenade! But my aunt detested dogs, and never allowed one about the place.

Besides, what nonsense! of course I should meet no one. And so I started determinedly down to the bridges.

I think I have said before that the Manor-house was far from the highway. A long private road, not much more modern than the moats, led through deep banks on either side, varied by a gloomy bit of wood, for some three-quarters of a mile from the Warnchester road, to our very door.

There were no lodges, no gates, no means of excluding the outside public; indeed, there was no one to exclude.

A steep decline led abruptly down to the moats, with their venerable masonry, and their wild tangle of rushes and waterweed, varied by water-lilies here and there.

The third or outer moat was really fed by a little river, which foamed over a weir just beyond the bridge, and vanished at a turn of the wood below.

This little stream was famous for its fishing, which my uncle, who did nothing in that line himself, always courteously placed at the disposal of the various regimental messes in Warnchester.

As I strolled down the descent to this elysium of Warnchester garrison I became aware of a curious machine which stood under the trees by the roadside; a thing with two large wheels and a small one, a saddle curiously hung amongst them, and some extraordinary-looking handles here and there.

Will it be credited that this was my very first view of a tricycle?

The two-wheeled species I was familiar with (with that familiarity which is first cousin to contempt), but I had actually never met its later modification.

Near by, on the grass, there lay a fishing-basket; and as I stopped to gaze with awe and wonder at the intricate composition of bars and wheels a tall young man, in gray knickerbockers and jacket, rod in hand, leapt over the fence and alighted directly before me.

I have pretty steady nerves—possibly inherited from Gervase of dusky memory, so I did not start.

Also, even in that moment of surprise, I am glad to think I remembered my aunt's instructions, and did not bow. I held out my hand instead.

Even while it still lay in his, I had time to think how much more becoming even than evening dress was a morning costume of gray, and how the shade of a gray cloth hat threw into relief a pair of dancing blue eyes.

I felt myself hoping he would not think I had come on purpose, and then blushed with shame at my own baseness, because I knew I really had.

He was asking how I was, after last night's fatigues, and laughing, and remarking on the loveliness of the day, all in a breath, while I felt as if I were conscious of nothing but the white Devoniensis rosebud, which, somewhat the worse for wear, hung its listless head from his button-hole.

I had chosen him the very freshest from my bouquet last night; and hadn't an idea it would have faded so soon!

"Yes, indeed; it's a delicious day!" I assented, and then, as a thought flashed through even my unsuspicious mind, I looked up in wonder. "But surely it's too bright for fishing!" I said.

Mr. Smith actually reddened. He was evidently unused to deceit, and it sat ill on him.

"Well, yes, certainly; it's rather sunny," he admitted, trying to look as if the idea had just struck him, and failing signally. "But then, you know, it may cloud over."

"Of course it may!" with fervor.

"But I hope it won't."

"You hope——! What a very unselfish aspiration for so devoted a fisherman," demurely.

"How do you know I'm devoted?" surprised.

"Because even the most crushing disadvantage cannot keep you from your sport."

I glanced up to make this wily remark, and our eyes met.

We tried hard to keep grave, but it wasn't the least use, and after a moment's struggle we gave it up. We were infinitely better friends after that laugh.

"And is that your tricycle?" I asked, desirous to make amends for my mistake of the night before. "I never saw one before. It looks very innocent."

"Yes, it's devoid of vice."

He had a wicked little twinkle in his eye, but I suppose he was warned by previous experience, so refrained from further teasing, for which I honored him.

"Come and look at it."

So I went.

"And so that's what they call a Humber," I remarked sagely, after it had been explained to me, principles, and construction, and manner of use with a much thoroughness as if it had been a new torpedo and I a Woolwich cadet. "What an odd name! what does it mean?"

Mr. Smith looked conscious again. Beyond a doubt he was not hardened in sin.

"Well, no," he admitted. "This isn't a Humber, it's a Salvo, in fact, I believe."

"But you told me yours was a Humber," I remonstrated, with wide-open eyes. "I remember particularly, because it was like a river, I wondered at the time."

"Yes; but this isn't my own. I borrowed another to-day. You know"—with airy carelessness—"one likes a change sometimes."

O Cha——Mr. Smith, I mean—you were not new to deceit after all!

I never found out your subtlety till long, long after, when I discovered that your Humber was a machine not suited to a lady's use!

"Won't you try how easy it is?" was his next iniquitous proposition.

"Oh!" I shrank back in alarm. "I don't think I could! There's no place to sit!"

"Oh yes, there is. You've no idea how comfortable the saddle is! Our colonel's wife always rides a machine just like this."

"But, how shall I get up?"

"This way."

Revered propriety of my aunt! He had lifted me as he spoke, and placed me on that apology for a saddle, swinging in mid-air.

He watched my face anxiously. I think I looked grave for a minute—I know I blushed—but the next moment I shook off my last expiring scruple, and desperately considered that as I had burnt my boats, at least I would enjoy myself by way of compensation.

Besides, after all, what right had aunt to treat me like a child? I was under no real authority.

"Put your feet on the treadles—so. Now, gently—gently. I'll do the steering."

There was not another word spoken as I began to glide along the smooth road—at first slowly and hesitatingly—then faster and faster, while Mr. Smith had to run beside me to keep his hand on the steering-rod, till we came to a standstill, within sight of the Warnchester High Road. Then I drew a long sigh of intense bliss.

"It's heaven," I said, as my companion turned the machine and headed it back towards home. "But I want to do my own steering," and I was off again. So fast this time that Mr. Smith's legs had to exert themselves to keep up with me.

"Oh!" I murmured, breathless but happy, as we stopped once more by the old gray bridge. "It's the very most delicious thing I ever tried. No wonder you like it better than anything else in the world!"

"But I don't," he said. "I like several things ever so much better. Fishing in Jopford River, for instance, or dancing at Warnchester balls—or—but I'll tell you that another day."

"Indeed you will," I declared, getting down abruptly from the tricycle, lest he should assist my movements as he did before. "That is, if you ever tell me at all. Half-past four, and tea-time, I must just run home. Good-bye, and thank you, oh, so much, for a most lovely ride."

And I almost ran up the little hill to the bowling-green.

Well, it had all been very pleasant—too pleasant to be right.

I knew I had outraged every prejudice and precept of my Aunt Alicia, and I felt that, harmless though it all was in itself, I ought not to indulge in such stolen joys while I remained under her roof.

So the next afternoon I resisted the longing that urged me—oh, so strongly!—to go and see how the third bridge was looking after the shower.

All the more that it was an overcast sky, and the very perfection of a day for fishing.

So instead, with very low spirits, but a feeling of great virtue, I took my way across the fields by the footpath, and called at the vicarage for that neglected crewel-pattern.

Mrs. Disney was out, and I was not sorry.

I felt cross, and disinclined for village small-talk; and I set off to walk back again with the feeling that the path of duty was even more thorny than it was painted.

Just as I had my foot on the lowest step of the stile, I heard behind me the sharp clear note of a bell, and, turning, with a delightful rush of surprise and certainty, whom should I see close at hand but Mr. Smith and the tricycle!

It was yesterday's Salvo. (Strange, that for the next fortnight he discarded his own favorite machine altogether, and took to riding this.)

I wondered, with all my powers of wondering, how he could possibly have guessed I should be in Copford village to-day, then chid myself for thinking my presence any reason for his; and yet—and yet!

Well, in a minute he was off, and in another—I don't know to this day how it came about, but I had taken his place, and he was walking by my side, as I slowly moved along.

Of course it couldn't be the field-path now, but the road, which made such a ridiculous detour of four miles to reach the Manor-house, only a mile away.

It was too hot to go fast, and it would be unkind to make Mr. Smith run; so it was a very long four miles, and very slowly traversed, though I could never have believed it could be so late when the third bridge came in sight again once more.

Ah, dear me! Facilis descensus, as the early Latin books say.

I don't think I struggled much more after that, fate seemed to show so pointedly that there was no escaping Mr. Smith; and, after all, why should I try to escape him?

I knew quite well that to be with him was to be happy, and the life which did not hold him would be a life little worth the living through.

So there were no more sad and solitary walks over the desolate field-path—for the only walk I took there was not solitary—and when, on Sunday evening, I stood up behind the dim and faded curtains of the Manor pew, and saw a pair of dancing blue eyes above the mouldering hangings of a seat across the aisle, I knew I should not have to run through the dusky wood below the bowling-green, with the fear of poachers flitting through my unprotected mind.

Nor did I, for Mr. Smith overtook me just by the stile, and never left me till I had reached the little green door in the shrubberies.

Ah, that fortnight was very, very happy, despite many falterings and fears.

Charley—yes, he was Charley now, and not be Mr. Smith any longer, and I need not blush again to write that name; dearer than all other names to me; for before the fortnight was out Charley and I knew the world only held each other.

How we knew that certainty was mutual I can hardly tell.

It doesn't seem to me, looking back, that there was ever any formal avowal, or need for any.

Day after day, as we loitered under the fragrant shade—I on the tricycle, and he by my side—we grew to understand each other's hearts, and there was little need for speech.

Uncle and aunt were going to town on the twentieth for a day or two, and we settled that Charley should speak to them on their return.

It was a mere matter of form, that speaking, because we felt they had a claim to the knowledge while I was under their roof, and still a minor.

Legal right of course they had none; and if they refused their consent to our marriage, as of course we knew they undoubtedly would, we arranged that I should leave Copford Manor-house at once, and take a nursery-governess' place.

"I hate the thought of your working for your living, my darling," said Charley with a groan. "But I'll have my company in five years, and then we can marry the next day. You'll wait five years for me, Violet?"

Five years. I would have waited fifty, and told him so.

Indeed I could not understand how it had ever come to pass that I should thus have won the love of this great, strong true heart—a heart so brave and tender, so loving and so wise.

Such an ordinary girl as I—in nothing superior to other girls—I could not make it out at all.

I was quite prepared for an awful scene with Aunt Alicia, and am not ashamed to confess I heartily wished it well over.

For an infinite capacity for saying unpleasant things, commend me to my aunt. I pictured to myself her scornful incredulity—her withering sarcasms.

"It is your being a subaltern in a marching regiment that is your heaviest sin," I mourned to Charley; "that, combined with a hardened habit of tricycling; and the finishing stroke is your name."

"I can't change that," he responded, with a reckless frivolity. "That's one of your rights in matrimony, not mine. Perhaps we might be Smith-Blessingtons, after a foreign fashion. As to tricycling, I refuse to reform; but as far as the military rank is concerned I am quite open to improvement. I don't mind becoming a field-marshal to-morrow if that will mollify Aunt Alicia."

"Charley, you're flippant," I gravely observed; whereat we both laughed hilariously.

And so the happy days passed by, days that seemed all too short and sunny as to their afternoons, but were long enough and dull enough in their morns and eves to make amends.

I was getting well used to tricycling, and enjoyed it more and more.

I used to wonder how Charley could bear to ride his machine to a meet, and then forsake it to follow the hounds on foot.

"And someone might steal it while you were away!" I said, with serious warning.

But he only laughed, and showed me how he could unscrew the steering-handle, and carry it away with him, thus leaving the machine practically useless for the time being.

I supposed this to be entirely his own invention, and accepted it as another proof of his cleverness, which transcended the intellect of all other men.

And so the days came and went, while we walked in the light of that sunshine which may illuminate a human heart but once in its history, that once may last to its journey's end, as it would with us, we were certain.

And so the month wore out, with rustle of fresh green leaf, and glory of a thousand flowers; and it came to a day which marked the whole of both our lives to come—the twentieth of June.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEXICAN RIDING.—The great feature of all Mexican riding is the looseness of their seat. It is all done by balance. And when I say "all" it means a wonderful deal. I have seen a Mexican named Louis—to be sure he was accredited to be the best rider out there, and for my own part I cannot conceive that there can be a better in the world—I have seen that man cross his legs over the horn of the big Mexican saddle, and, throwing the reins on the neck of the horse, calmly roll a cigarette while the horse bucked up and down with him. I know it is asking a great deal to expect credence for such a feat as this, but yet, when we consider the pitch of perfection reached by circus riders among our own countrymen, the very much higher degree of excellence attained by one remarkable man out of a nation whose members we may almost say are born on horseback, is not so altogether beyond the prospect of belief—though there is of course an enormous difference between riding the trained things in a circus and the mustang caught wild upon the prairie.

The Mexican saddle, with its great stirrups and the horn on which the lasso hangs, gives, of course, many supports: but the performances of these Mexicans on bare back are wonderful enough. You see a herd of wild horses driven through the narrow pass of the corral.

Your Mexican, with a hair rope in his hand, will drop from the beam above upon the back of the horse it is wished to reclaim to domestic uses. In an instant he is away, snorting, bellowing, positively shrieking with terror, in the midst of the thundering stampede of his fellows, who are scarce less terrified than himself.

He cannot buck, while the herd press closely upon him. The Mexican leans forward with the rope in both hands, passes it over the horse's head into the wide open mouth, and forces it behind his teeth. Then he takes a turn with it under the lower jaw, and there he has him bitted and bridled.

After a little over half an hour he comes back with him—broken, "so that a Mexican can ride him." Of course they are small horses. I cannot say how the Mexicans would fare with one of those big Australian buckers.

They maintain, however, that this loose seat of theirs does not irritate a horse in the way a grip with the knees does; and this I fully believe. Further than that, I fancy the solution of the mystery about those horses which will go quietly enough with a lady, though a man can hardly ride them, is to be sought rather in the method of the lady's seat than, as is commonly thought in the superior delicacy of her fair hands.

A COLORED man, with protruding eyes, rushed into the Judge's office and exclaimed: I wants Colonel Jones, who libs nex' door to me, put under $1,000,000 bonds ter keep de peace." "Has he threatened your life?" "He has done dat berry ting. He said he war g'wine ter fill de nex nigger he found after dark in his hen house plum full of buck-shot."

Scientific and Useful.

PASTE OR GLUE.—One with which to stick labels to tin boxes can be made thus: Use starch-paste with which incorporate a little Venice turpentine while the paste is yet warm.

LEATHER BELTS.—It is recommended to relieve leather belts from strain when they are not in use, because a belt used thus will be in good condition when one constantly strained shall be worn out.

WOOD IN HOMES.—A physician recommends that all the wood used in the interior construction of houses and all the plain surfaces of plaster should be thoroughly oiled or varnished so that the power of absorbtion of foul air and gases should be destroyed.

LIVE FISH.—It has been discovered that fish can be kept alive a considerable time without change of air or water by placing them in a receptacle partly filled with water and hermetically sealing the same. They are unaffected by changes of temperature, and quite healthy and lively on being released from the jar, while others placed in jars quite full of water or in jars opened or exposed to the air, die in a short time.

GLASS FLOORING.—In Paris the substitution of glass flooring for boards continues to increase, this being especially the case, it is understood, in those business structures in which the cellars are used as offices. In one of these the whole of the ground in front is paved with large squares of roughened glass, imbedded in a strong iron frame, and in the cellar beneath there is sufficient light without gas for ordinary purposes.

THE DYNAMOGRAPH.—Dynamograph is the name of a new type-writer, actuated by electricity, which has lately been invented. The type-writer resembles those already in use, but is worked by the electric current, and it can, it is stated, be utilized as a sending and receiving telegraph instrument. It is proposed to use it in place of the telephone since it gives a printed message that can be received although no one is present at the time to take it down.

A SELF-EXTINGUISHING CANDLE.—A candle has recently been brought out that extinguishes itself after it has burnt for an hour. This it does by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour. The use of such a candle, in schools and nurseries particularly, could hardly fail to prove beneficial.

Farm and Garden.

AGED.—Aged horses should have ground grain at all times or they will not thrive, as they are unable to masticate whole grains.

TAR.—A correspondent states that the application of a mixture of equal parts of coal tar and wood tar to the sides and bottoms of water troughs will greatly assist in preventing any trouble with sheep.

TRAMPING ON HAY.—Tramping upon the hay in the barn often causes horses to refuse it. To pass from the barn-yard into the barn and walk over the hay leaves odors which are quickly recognized by the animals when such hay is fed to them.

COMPOST.—Compost may be made very fine and rendered partially soluble for immediate use by sprinkling the whole with a mixture of four ounces of sulphuric acid in a bucket of water, but the process is somewhat dangerous if not done very carefully.

THE UDDER.—When the udder of the cow becomes hard, a prolonged bathing of the udder with warm water is the best remedy. Use the water freely, and rub the udder during the application; then wipe dry. It should be repeated daily until relief be given.

ALUM WATER.—An excellent insect destroyer is said to be alum water, made by dissolving a pound of alum in three quarts of water. If the alum water be added to whitewash it will not only improve the whitewash but will kill vermin in the poultry house when the whitewash shall be applied.

GOOD AND BAD.—One good cow—one that gives a large quantity of milk—is more economical than two that do not equal her. The care of one animal is less than is required for two, while less space is also necessary. Every item that enters into the cost of keeping the cow increases the cost of the milk.

DAIRYING.—One of the strongest evidences in favor of dairying is the fact that but few, if any, farmers abandon dairying in order to turn their attention to other pursuits on the farm unless it be to raise stock. The value of dairying is not alone from the receipts obtained for milk and butter but also from the gradual increase of fertility of the soil.

TREES AND SOILS.—Pines and their companions, the birches, indicate a dry, rocky, sandy, or gravel soil; beeches, a dryish; chalky, or gravel soil; elms and limes, a rich and somewhat damp soil; oaks and ashes, a heavy clay soil; and poplars and willows, a low, damp, or marshy soil. Many of these trees are found growing together, and it is only when one species predominates in number and vigor that it is truly characteristic of the soil and that portion of the atmosphere in connection with it.

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Placed and Misplaced.

There are many men who, by not following their talent, fail to reach that position which their ability and industry entitle them to expect. They mistake their calling. They are square men in round holes.

The error may be due to force of circumstances, as in the case of the grocer's assistant, who hanged himself because nature had formed him for a poet and fate had cruelly condemned him to the counter.

Or, it may be, that want of judgment is the cause, as with the Emperor Adrian, who, not content with being the first in power, was ambitious to be thought first in letters. With thirty legions of soldiers at command, it was easy for Adrian to make good his claim by cutting off the heads of his critics.

This summary method of establishing a reputation, or of squaring the circle in which he places himself, is, we are told, adopted by the Persian Shah, who will have it that there is no artist comparable with himself in the use of the brush, and who, accordingly, removes the heads of all who venture to dispute that position.

A third cause of getting into a round hole when a square one would be more comfortable is indifference of the kind displayed by the talented youth, who, finding a vacant space in his picture, added an arm to a body already possessed of the ordinary number of such appendages, and who, when remonstrated with, declared that it was of no consequence.

Among our acquaintances are many grocers' assistants who were born to be poets, painters, heroes. These mute, inglorious Miltons have their quarrel with destiny, though they may not end it with a yard of rope, like the unhappy youth whose fate has just been recorded. Were they content with the position to which Providence has called them, they might become expert assistants, and, in the natural progress of events, might develop into respectable grocers and useful members of society. But, no; they would rather write wretched sonnets than weigh good sugar, and so they remain grocer's assistants till the end of their day.

There are, however, some whom circumstances really misplace—men who, while measuring tape or selling sugar, have a presentiment of renown that is destined to be realized. The opportunity alone is wanting, for great abilities we know, require great opportunities.

With Adrian's army at command, we might square the circle to our liking. Happily we have not that means. We must, therefore, make every effort to avoid getting into round holes. It may not be possible to succeed.

There are, however, cases in which all this discomfort is caused not by pressure of circumstances, but by want of judgment. Some people imagine they are round when they are really square. This class is not numerous, for clever men know that they are clever, just as a rich man is aware he is rich.

Many more, who are square, are bad judges of the shape of a hole. Milton was of this class when he preferred "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost;" and there must have come under your notice men who, though not Miltons, have shown a similar perversity of judgment. Their talent or "bent" is in a particular direction, which they may either ignore or despise, in order to court success in paths for which they have no qualifications.

We are not all capable of performing anything and everything—of shining in the familiar as well as in the sublime. Because you have had success as a grocer or a lawyer, that is no reason why you should believe yourself capable of entering upon the duties of a magistrate or a senator.

Even a genius must be content to lie down under his laurels, unless he is prepared to run great risk of failure.

Talents have a jealous and a selfish habit of excluding one another; and men who have exhausted one vein rarely revive, with equal credit, in another.

We ought to be thankful if we are not misplaced. If our hole, whether square or round, fits us, we ought not to cast envious and covetous eyes upon our neighbors. Let us take to heart the fable of the frog that would be a cow, and have a care lest we burst.

Depend upon it, if you, being a round man, get into a square hole, you will find yourself in company that does not suit you. The friction will make you uncomfortable. Your conscience will keep you uneasy. Fear of contempt or of being found out will compel you to conceal your real views and character. In a word, you will be wretched—a martyr to your own vanity and the butt of your associates. It is mortifying to be compelled to admit that you have not the particular talent upon which you prided yourself, but it is much worse to add to the disgrace by showing that you lack the understanding to see that you are a misplaced man.

It is not arguments, but principles, which govern our well being. We should hold on to the latter as firmly as the eternal fixedness that abides in the rocks of Gibraltar. Our principles hold the same relations to our lives as the governor does to the steam engine, which regulates the latter's speed. We should exercise firmness and inflexibility in the maintenance of them, and at the same time be able to discriminate between the former and stubbornness. The independence of thought derived from self-knowledge is oftener a safer guide than the casual advice of those who have but an indifferent interest in our welfare.

The act of worship is among all creation indigenous and peculiar to man. As he alone stands erect and raises his front without effort toward heaven, so he bends the knee in reasoning adoration, neither cowering down with his head in the dust, nor grovelling on his belly like other creatures, in abject fear; but, wanton, unstable and extravagant even in his noblest aspirations, this viceroy of earth has been ever prone to waver in his allegiance, eager to amplify his worship of the one true God into a thousand false religions, more or less beautiful, poetical and absurd.

He who in his studies wholly applies himself to labor and exercise, and neglects meditation, loses his time; and he who applies himself to meditation, and neglects experimental exercise, doth only wander and lose himself. The first can never know anything exactly; his knowledge will always be intermixed with doubts and obscurities; and the last will only pursue shadows; his knowledge will never be certain and solid. Labor, but slight not meditation. Meditate, but slight not labor.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

The trouble with people generally is that they can't always have what they want, and they seldom think they want what they have; that they see their own virtues and other people's vices with a magnifying glass, and turn the telescope the wrong end when they look at their own faults and other people's virtues; that they grumble when things go wrong instead of going to work to make things go right, and cry over spilt milk when, in all probability, the milk has all the water it can stand already.

I am sorry to say that they who are always speaking ill of others are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others, though nothing but self conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. It is much easier for an ill-natured man than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty.

Clay and rock are given us; not brick and squared stone. God gives us no raiment; he gives us flax and sheep. If we would have coats on our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them and weave them. If we would have anything of benefit, we must earn it, and, earning it, must become shrewd, inventive, ingenious, active, enterprising.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain; sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms.

Sarcasm generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed by an ostentation of wit, and vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world; or from a desire of gratifying any of those dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

Afflictions sent by Providence melt the constancy of the noble-minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay liquefies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

The amiable is a duty most certainly, but must not be exercised at the expense of any of the virtues. He who seeks to do the amiable always, can only be successful at the frequent expense of his manhood.

There is nothing of which men are more liberal than their good advice, be their stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry in it an intimation of their own influence, importance or worth.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends towards the formation of character. Let parents bear this ever in mind.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. We can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow our own teaching.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing our neighbors.

There is none made so great but he may need both the help and service and stand in fear of the power and unkindness of others.

Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

Many men claim to be firm in their principles when they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

The World's Happenings.

The German population of New York is given at 350,000.

Pascal, the French mathematician, invented the wheelbarrow.

Many of the so-called "employment agencies" are simply frauds.

There are 71 "champions of England" in games and sports of all sorts.

Prince Bismarck usually goes to bed at 2 o'clock in the morning and gets up at noon.

Sixty million pins must be manufactured for the United States daily to satisfy the demand.

At Akron, O., recently, a letter was delivered to 14 John Smiths before the right one was reached.

John J. White, who died at Griffin, Ga., was born, baptized, married and died on the 7th day of the month.

Chicago authorities are investigating and prosecuting the proprietors of cigar shops who sell cigarettes to children under 16 years of age.

In one of the districts of Shawnee county, Kansas, a mother and daughter are pupils in the same school, and both are of school age.

One of the best known young women of Omaha is six feet six inches tall. The man who would steal a kiss from her must carry a step ladder.

Women desiring to enter the London Society of Lady Dressmakers have to furnish testimonials of their "social position" as well as of character.

Not always to the victor belong the spoils. Two young men in New Jersey played a game of poker for a fair maiden, and she married the loser.

A Baltimore company proposes to sharpen the shoes of car horses in icy weather by means of electricity without removing them from the stable.

Pope Leo's jubilee has turned out even a bigger cash success than was expected. He has already received gifts valued at $10,000,000 and the offerings are still pouring in.

A New Orleans mother was awakened by the heavy breathing of her babe, and upon looking discovered a large weasel on the breast of the child, who was nearly dead from suffocation.

Three members of the Salvation Army at Lowell, Mass., were fined $10 and one-third the costs in the police court, recently, for playing tambourines and other instruments in the public streets.

A stranger sat down beside a St. Louis woman in a street car and whispered to her to watch a young man on her right, who was a pickpocket. While she watched as directed, the man on her left stole her purse.

A Nashville carpenter arose in his sleep and went into his shop and began filing a saw. The noise woke him, and he was mightily puzzled to find himself engaged at such work at 2 o'clock in the morning in a dark shop.

A thief at Cincinnati has probably made the biggest lift of his life. He lifted 12,000 pounds of iron, though, of course, not at one time, and he did it so unceremoniously that he appears not to have attracted the attention of any one.

Soap and water are unpopular among the citizens of Franklin county, Kan. A schoolteacher in that town required his pupils to wash their hands and faces before coming to school, and the indignant parents bounced that teacher.

Mr. Osgoodby, of Albany, N. Y., and his four boys foot up pretty well in the aggregate. He is 6 feet 6 inches in height, the oldest son is 2 inches shorter, the next is 6 feet 2, the next 6 feet 2, and the youngest, a lad of 16 years, is 6 feet 1 inch tall.

From Wisconsin comes the momentous news that "a hen, accidentally imprisoned under a barn at Fond du Lac, was discovered at the end of 25 days, a little weak and groggy, but still quite responsive to the restorative effects of a square meal."

As a joke the name of a colored man was put on the mayoralty ticket at the recent election in Rockwell City, Iowa. The jokers though came near having the laugh turned on themselves, as the colored candidate polled within 20 votes of enough to elect him.

At Lebanon, Ky., a man named Godkin fired a shot with a repeating rifle at a muskrat swimming in the water. The muskrat was not hit, but the bullet struck the water, glanced upward, then flew across the pond and killed a young negro who was watching the sport.

A Mexican customs guard at Nogales, in order to make himself "solid" with the commandant, stabbed and shot himself, and reported that he had been attacked by robbers and was wounded in resisting them. The Mexican authorities will try him for courting suicide.

Several small boys in Portland, Me., formed a "trust" and went into the knife-stealing business. While one was buying some trifle in a store, two or three companions would grab what knives they could reach. A quarrel arose and one of the partners was thrashed by the others. He laid the "trust" before the police, who recovered $20 worth of knives.

A Boston woman caught a burglar in her house one day last week and proceeded to capture him. She got a revolver from her bureau and tried to shoot the man as he stood in the closet and begged for his life, but with the proverbial aim of a woman she wounded herself and the burglar got away. Had she tried to shoot herself the chances are she would have killed the burglar.

An inveterate politician at Bloomington, Ill., who has attended to public affairs at the expense of his family, rushed in one day and declared that he wanted his dinner instantly, as he must be back to the polls inside of five minutes. He sat down to the table, and in a twinkle his wife placed before him a glass of water and platter heaped up with election tickets. The incipient statesman took the hint, abjured politics and devoted himself to the welfare of his family.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY S. C. W.

Told in the twilight that closes day's glories,
Under the shadowy leaves in the grove,
Told in the twilight that sweetest of stories
Man ever told—the sweet story of love!

Ah, we may envy the lovers glad-hearted,
Full of their joy in the secret confessed;
Roses that died in the sun just departed
Now bloom again in their cheeks closely pressed.

All the broad future bright-gleaming before them,
Lighting their pathway, they know not a fear;
Through the gray twilight, joy rays streaming o'er them,
Told in the story none other may hear.

"The Five Horse-Shoes."

BY HAWLEY SMART.

AH, well! I suppose you fellows have all the best of it; you run about here, you run about there, you think nothing of a railway journey; run up from London to York, for instance, in about as many hours as it took us days. My race is pretty well run," continued the speaker, a tall, slight, aristocratic-looking old man; "but I doubt if you ever have the adventures on your travels that used to characterize the old coaching days."

"Oh, come, I say, Sir Henry, things at times get pretty lively in a railway train all the same; allow me to remin I you of the case of Lefroy. That was a trifle more excitement than most of us would care about."

"A commonplace brutal murder," retorted Sir Henry Hayling, contemptuously; "nothing like so picturesque as when Her Majesty's mail used to be stopped by one of the knights of the road, and the guard with his blunderbuss, and the highwayman with his pistols exchanged compliments."

"Well! there was the murder of Mr. Briggs," exclaimed another of the denizens of the smoking-room; "but I suppose you will retort upon me, just as you did upon Jim Bolton, that Muller's was a commonplace crime."

"Quite so, Talbot," rejoined the Baronet; "the opportunity for robbery came in each case to a needy man, who found it necessary to commit murder to obtain the plunder he coveted; but did either of you in your own experience ever meet with a genuine adventure by rail?"

Talbot shook his head.

"I was in a railway accident once," said young Bolton musingly. "I was a little cut myself, and there were two or three people badly hurt. I thought it was a great bore but I can't call it much of an adventure."

"Come, Sir Henry," interposed Talbot, "suppose you tell us a story of your old coaching days—a personal one, please. You know you are a born narrator."

The Baronet smiled. He enjoyed a reputation as a *raconteur*, and rather prided himself upon it.

"I have got to the age," he said, "when men are wont to grow garrulous; but if you fellows don't mind my prosing, I'll tell you a very queer adventure, or rather series of adventures, that befell me in my University days."

"Do, do," chimed in both the young men; "it will just fill up the time while we finish our cigars."

"Edwards tells me there are lots of birds where you're going to-morrow, so you ought to go to bed betimes, in order to do them justice; give me a minute or two to think, and then you shall have my yarn."

The scene of the above conversation was the smoking-room of "The Shaws," the country seat of Sir Henry Hayling, situated in the Midland Counties—a manor enjoying a great reputation for game all through the neighborhood.

Talbot and Jim Bolton were two of Sir Henry's nephews who were accustomed to come to him for a fortnight's shooting at the beginning of October. The Baronet was past it all now, but he had been a famous all-round sportsman in his youth; now-a-days the gout claimed him for its own, and it was seldom that his age and infirmities allowed him to touch a gun, or even to appear at the cover-side.

He was a prime favorite with both young men; he had seen a great deal of life, had a most retentive memory, and was moreover an admirable story-teller.

"Now," said the Baronet, "I am ready. I am going to tell you of a day's coaching in my youth.

"Personal experience, Talbot, remember, all of it, with the exception of one remarkable anecdote told by the coachman on the occasion, and which I did not actually witness. Fifty odd years ago—it's a gruesome long time to look back upon!—I had just gone up to Oxford, full of health and full of go, and desperately smitten with—ah, well, never mind her name. I am not going to ask you to listen to the tale of an old man's loves. But anyhow there was a county ball to take place, and I had promised my *inamorata* to go to it. It was the big county ball of Loamshire, and involved a journey of about a hundred and forty miles. I wonder if either of you fellows would travel a hundred and forty miles to make a pair of bright eyes dance, if you could? And, remember, travelling was travelling in those days! Well, my mind had been made up long before. I had secured the box-seat for London, and, with permission or without permission, go to that ball I was determined. Jack Adams, the prince of Oxford whips, had for once, in consideration of a liberal *douceur*, waived the fact of my being a freshman, and guaranteed me the coveted seat on 'the bench.' However, I might defy the authorities, but I couldn't defy Fate, and I was destined never to figure at the county ball of Loamshire that year.

"It was a glorious autumn morning when the Defiance picked me up about a mile outside Oxford. My career at the University had not found favor in the eyes of the authorities, so that instead of applying for leave to my tutor, I had resorted to the old device of playing sick and consequently was not desirous of proclaiming my departure.

"'A rare day, sir,' said Jack Adams, as I swung myself up beside him. 'If it was only all such weather, I'd ask for nothing better than to drive a team like this, till I drove off altogether.'

"I muttered something about their being a 'nice level lot,' for I knew I had to be guarded when talking to such an expert as Jack Adams.

"'It's a rum customer we've got up behind, sir. Can't make him out at all. When I remarked to him that it was a nice morning, what do you think he said? "Very—for the funeral."'

"'Do you mean that melancholy-looking fellow in the old brown surtout, who is muffled up to his very nose in a red comforter?'

"'That's him, sir,' replied Jack. 'Looks as if he had something a-weighin' on his mind, don't he? I'll hold you half-a-crown he drinks gin-and-water whenever the coach stops, and that it won't seem to do him a bit of good.'

"'You seem to know the sort?' I rejoined.

"'Carried lots of 'em,' replied Jack. 'They're all alike; the more they eat and drink, the more melancholy they get. No place in the world like a coach box for studying character, sir. Lor', the rum 'uns I've carried, and the starts I've seen! Why, it was only last year a fellow got up just behind me—I picked him up on the outskirts of Oxford—and all his baggage consisted of a blue linen pocket-handkerchief. You never saw a chap so fidgety as he was about the handkerchief. If he had had the Crown Jewels in charge he couldn't have been more particular than he was about that little bundle. He never let it out of his hand for a minute. Whenever we stopped he got down, for he was a thirsty soul, but he never left the handkerchief behind him; he always took it off the coach with him. I had another queer passenger that day—a little chap. I never saw a man so curious in all my born days. Like the other, he was down at every place we stopped at, asking the ostlers, the waiters, the landlord all sorts of questions about who had been up the road the last day or two. I don't think the fellow with the blue bundle noticed him. You see, when he got down he was so occupied in trying to get the better of that thirst of his, that he had no opportunity of seeing anything outside the bar. Well, whether the knot of that handkerchief got loosed, or what not, I don't know; but while I was springing 'em just over a beautiful bit of galloping ground there is near Taplow, the handkerchief came undone, and in an instant the road was all over golden guineas, and the way that fellow roared to me to stop was a caution. There wasn't much need to tell me to do that, but four horses in a hand gallop can't be pulled up by a turn of the wrist. As soon as I could stop 'em, all the passengers were off the coach in less than no time to help this fellow recover his guineas. None more busy than the inquisitive little chap I was telling you about. Well, I think they were all picked up at last, and once more tied up in that blue handkerchief. The chap thanked his fellow-passengers for their assistance, told them the mint was calling in guineas, and that he was employed to collect them, and quite deprecated the idea of all this gold being his own property.'

"'Well, I exclaimed, 'that was a rum start.'

"'Yes, sir; but just hear the end of it. When I pulled up at the "White Horse Cellar" in Piccadilly, the chap with the blue bundle got down, and so did the inquisitive customer. No sooner were they off the coach than, to our astonishment, the inquisitive fellow collared the other like a bull-dog, and exclaimed, "Now no nonsense, Bill Walters; you've been wanted about those guineas for some time;" and in another minute he had snapped the "darbies" on his wrists, and turning to us, he said, "They're beautiful guineas, gentlemen—they're beautifully done, but there's not one of 'em real. And as for my friend here, he is the cleverest coiner in all England."'"

"An extraordinary story, Sir Henry," said Talbot; "but that's not exactly personal."

"Certainly not," replied the Baronet; but the remainder of my day's coaching is. We were a tolerably sociable lot, as the outside passengers in those days usually were; much more given to converse than the first-class passengers in a railway train, at all events. There was, however, one exception, and that was the melancholy-looking man enveloped in the red comforter. Not a smile, much less a laugh, ever lit up his face; hardly a remark escaped him. He observed upon one occasion that a churchyard which we were passing was a pretty place. As Jack Adams said, 'He was a most uncomfortable traveling companion.' At last we passed Henley, and came to White Hill, with the woods of Remenham in all the glory of their autumn foliage lying to our left. At the foot of the hill a dark swarthy-looking fellow picked us up, and after giving a nod to Adams jogged quietly along by the side of the coach. The ascent was so steep in those days that, well-horsed as the Defiance was, Jack Adams was compelled to take it easy with his team.

"'Do you know who that is, sir?' he said, indicating the pedestrian. 'He is one of the stars of the London Fancy.'

"Those, as you know, were the days of pugilism, and the leading members of the prize ring excited as much attention and admiration as a popular actor or political celebrity might in these times. Of course I enquired who it was.

"'That's Bill Cooper, sir,' said Jack Adams, 'better known in the ring as "Gipsy Cooper"; he is training at the "Five Horse-shoes" just above here, and takes what they call "a breather" up this hill about four times a day.'

"'I know him by name well,' I replied; 'he is a very clever fighter, isn't he?'

"'Yes, he is good with his hands when he means business, but he is like all these gipsies, he can't be depended upon.'

"'Ah! you mean he has a soft drop in him.'

"'Not he, sir,' replied Jack, laughing; 'he's as cunning as a fox, and hard as nails, but he'll win or lose a fight, just as it happens there's most money to be made of it. Here we are at the "Five Horse-shoes." I always wash their mouths out, and give 'em a minute or two to catch their wind after that drag. It's the cruellest bit of road between Oxford and London.'

"There was a general descent from the roof of the coach, and a disposition shown by the passengers to treat themselves as Jack treated his horses, and 'wash their own mouths out'; and, much to my amusement, no sooner had we got into the bar parlor than the man with the red comforter called for the very refreshment that Jack Adams had predicted he would take, and, as he had further prophesied, seemed to get more melancholy as he sipped it. A crack coach in those days was not given to loitering, and the cry of 'Take your seats please, gentlemen,' speedily emptied the bar parlor, myself and our lachrymose friend being the two last left. He was contemplating the residue of his tumbler with an expression of such sadness that I could scarcely refrain from laughing, and as I tossed off my tumbler I exclaimed 'Here's your health and song, sir.' He looked vacantly at me for a moment, remarked that it was 'a vale of tears,' and then emptying the contents of a small white paper into his tumbler, quickly gulped down his liquor.

"I was about to leave the room, when I saw a spasm pass over his face; he sprang to his feet, and it instantly flashed across my mind that the man had poisoned himself. I rushed towards him, but ere I could reach him he was writhing on the ground in mortal agony.

"I tore at the bell, I shouted for help at the top of my voice; the landlord and his servants speedily rushed in, as did several of our fellow-passengers.

"I have seen men make an end of it many a time since then, but I never saw one go through more intense torture than that man, during the very few minutes it lasted. He writhed, he almost tied himself in knots, and screamed aloud in his agony, but it was over; one convulsion more violent than any that had preceded it, and then he fell back with clenched teeth, and with a face set in all the immutability of death.

"Now amongst the people who had flocked to the dead man's assistance I had noticed one individul who had been very busy, and who spoke with an air of authority. As I rightly guessed, he was a doctor, but he was something more; he happened also to be the coroner of the district, and I little thought how that fact was going to interfere with my plans.

"'A clear case of poisoning,' he exclaimed; 'nothing could be clearer, and nothing could have been done for him. Strychnine, no doubt. Poor fellow! he could hardly have selected a more painful mode in which to make his exit from this world. There must be an inquest, of course, and also *post-mortem*;' and the worthy medico rubbed his hands softly together with the unctuous air of a man who saw a prospect of fees coming in from the county. 'Your name, sir?' he continued. 'I regret I shall have to detain you.'

"'You can't,' I interrupted; 'I am travelling on business of the greatest possible importance.'

"'No business can be more important,' retorted the doctor pompously, 'than being mixed up in the death of a fellow-creature.'

"'Good gracious, sir,' I exclaimed, 'you surely don't mean to insinuate that I had anything to do with this unfortunate fellow's end?'

"'No, sir, the law is naturally suspicious, but I am happy to express my belief that no such suspicion attaches to you; but, as coroner of this district, it is my duty to collect all the evidence I can on the subject of this poor fellow's decease. You, according to your voluntary statement, saw him take the poison; in fact, were the sole witness of his making away with himself. Your evidence is most important, and, my dear sir, you must permit me to point out that you have yourself to exculpate. It does not suffice that you had no hand in this self-murder; for your own sake it will be as well that you should be able to testify that you were powerless to prevent it. There is such a thing, my young sir, as being accessory to murder; which, in the eye of the law, places you in the category of a murderer.'

"It's all very well now to laugh at this pompous prig, and to say that he was talking blatant nonsense, but you must remember I was only nineteen, utterly ignorant of how far the power of the law extended, and that the coroner had some grains of truth in his specious reasoning. Any way, I abandoned all idea of my journey, got my portmanteau out of the boot, and resigned myself to my fate.

"Off went the coach, and then I had time to think of what a precious fix I had got myself into. Things didn't get into the newspapers in those days quite as easily as they do now; but for all that, it struck me there was considerable risk of an account of this determined suicide being published. That would mean that my name and address would go forth to the world; and if it should happen to catch the eyes of the authorities of my college, would inform them that the young gentleman who affected to be sick at Oxford was half-way to London.

"It was not to be supposed that the Dons would stand that. Secondly, although the "Five Horse-shoes" was a comfortable enough wayside inn, yet it was a dullish place to have to pass a day or two. My ruthless persecutor the coroner had informed me that the inquest would be held on the morrow, and I should be at liberty to depart as soon as I had given my evidence; but how was I to kill the intervening time? During the afternoon the country people around appeared to have got news of the tragedy, and dropped in to hear all particulars; manifesting, moreover, a morbid curiosity to see "it," in which curiosity, I need scarcely say, they were not indulged. After a time it struck me that I had better look after my own accommodation, and then I was considerably nonplussed to discover that the bedrooms at the "Five Horseshoes" were very limited, and, what was still worse, that they were all engaged. The gipsy and his

mentor occupied two, they carried the dead man to a third, and it seemed that the "Horse-shoe" could boast of only one other chamber. This, my host informed me, was at present tenanted by a clergyman, who had come down to be with a sick relative in the neighborhood.

"'But,' he continued, 'it contains two beds, and I've no doubt, under the circumstances, the gentleman would have no objection to your occupying one of them. He is with his aunt all day—nice old lady, sir; lives about a mile from here.'

"'Well,' I rejoined, 'if that's the best you can do for me, I must be satisfied with it. I feel tired out with all this worry, annoyance, and disappointment, and I shall be glad to get to bed. Get me something to eat in the parlor, and, as soon as I have had my supper, I'll be off. Oh! and, by the way, landlord, I'm so sick of being questioned about this business—everybody who has come to the house has wanted to hear my story—that if this clergyman hasn't heard of the affair, don't tell him about it until the morning.'

"'All right, sir; it is quite likely he won't,' rejoined mine host 'We are early people heresbouts, and he only comes in just before we close.'

"Going to bed is one thing, but going to sleep is quite another; and I was so worried with the whole business, that sleep I couldn't. I had already missed the sole object of my escapade. Then the convulsed features of the wretched suicide, as he writhed in his death agonies, were ever present to my mind.

"Where was this parson? Why didn't he come to bed? 'The minute I fall asleep, I suppose, he'll come blundering in and disturb me,' I muttered.

"However, there didn't seem much chance of that. I tossed and tossed about, restless and feverish, and at last it seemed to me that this man, upon whom I had so coolly quartered myself, was inflicting upon me an intolerable grievance in not coming to bed. However, the end of it was that I fell into a feverish sleep, disturbed by most unpleasant dreams, in which the self-slain man figured largely. How long I had been asleep I do not know, but when I awoke, my fellow occupant had arrived. He had entered noiselessly, and had doubtless been informed all about myself, as he barely glanced at my bed, and forthwith proceeded to leisurely divest himself of his clothes, and make his preparation for the night.

"A tall, grave, middle-aged man, peculiarly methodical in his movements, and to me, in my irritable state, I can fairly say exasperating. I watched his proceedings stealthily from beneath my half-closed eyelids, and the quiet orderly way in which he folded his coat and his waistcoat, and laid them on a chair by his bedside, of itself angered me. Next, he wound up his watch, with what I considered most unnecessary solemnity; then he leant forward and apparently made a close examination of himself in the looking glass; that done, he took two or three leisurely turns up and down the room, glancing, as it seemed to me, somewhat suspiciously at my bed; then he stooped down, and taking something from his portmanteau, placed it on the dressing-table.

"What was it? Had he taken a pistol, or a knife, or what? I could not see, he had his back towards me, and stood between me and the table. Good heavens! what was the man meditating? what could he be doing? Why on earth didn't he go to bed?

"Suddenly he moved, threw an anxious glance at my bed, walked towards the washstand, and returned with a tumbler. I could see now on the table stood a small cardboard box.

"Returning with the tumbler and water-bottle, he proceeded to take from the box a glass bottle and a packet of papers, and apparently shook some powder out of the bottle into one. By this time my interest in his proceedings had risen to boiling point.

"What was this man about to do? Great heavens! was he about to shuffle off this mortal coil? Was I awake or dreaming? No; he pours out a glass of water, he empties the powder into it, and is evidently about to take the fatal draught. I can bear it no longer; with one bound I am out of bed, have dashed the glass from his hand, have seized him by the arm, and shrieked into his ear, 'You shan't, sir, you shan't do it!'

"But the reverend gentleman seized me in his turn, just as fiercely as I had seized him, and vociferating 'Help! here, help!' grappled with me in a desperate struggle for supremacy.

"Our united shouts for assistance speedily produced the landlord, and every male occupant in the house. What had happened they did not know, but what they saw was certainly enough to puzzle them—two men in their nightshirts struggling violently to get the better of each other, and both crying lustily for 'Help.' In a few minutes they had torn us apart.

"'Don't let him, landlord,' I exclaimed. 'Hold his hands; he has a box full of poison there, and would have been dead by this time, if I hadn't prevented him.'

"'Look here, landlord'. When you told me you had put a strange gentleman to sleep in my room, you didn't prepare me to expect a raving lunatic!'

"'Poor young gentleman; it's reg'lar upset him, turned his head, poor fellow,' said the landlady.

"'You must make allowances, please, sir,' exclaimed the landlord, addressing my suicidally-inclined companion; 'but that poor fellow's face who killed himself this morning was horrible to look at.'

"'What poor fellow?—who killed himself? What has all this got to do with this young lunatic making an unprovoked assault on me?'

"'Don't let him touch them, landlord. He'll be gone, just like the other, if you do,' I exclaimed excitedly, as my clerical friend once more moved his hand towards the papers on the dressing-table.

"By this time the landlord and his myrmidons had noticed the bottle filled with white powder and the packet of small papers—it was just such a paper that the dead man had emptied into his last fatal draught—and the curiosity of the host was at once excited on the subject of those papers.

"'Why,' he said slowly, and in an awe-struck tone, 'those are just like the papers the other had.'

"'Watch him,' I cried; 'it's no sudden impulse. His intention was most deliberate. You will have two in the "Horse-shoes" if you don't mind.'

"The fact is, I was in such a state of feverish excitement, and so thoroughly convinced that the tragedy of the morning was about to be repeated, that no other view of the matter was possible to me. I had myself requested that the reverend gentleman should be kept, if practicable, in ignorance of what had taken place, and in the bubble and turmoil that our altercation had occasioned it was some time before it occurred to anybody to enlighten him. When people are at cross purposes, and the idea of explanation occurs at last to the lookers-on, it generally occurs simultaneously, and they all hasten to put things clear at once.

"It was so in this case; and, shrewd though my clerical friend was, it took him some minutes to get at what actually had taken place. He looked grave when he heard of the suicide's melancholy end; but when he heard that in consequence of the bottle and the little papers I had suspected him of the like design, he smiled, and coming across to me, tendered his hand, and said—

"'I understand it all—excited brain, a feverish dream, and you woke seeing me, about to perpetrate, as you thought, the ghastly horror of the day; but, my dear sir, you only saw a martyr to dyspepsia at his vespers. That bottle and packets are simple remedies for indigestion.'

"I didn't get away till the next day after the inquest, but it was a queer thirty-six hours' experience, was it not?"

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Talbot. "You lost your ball, you say. Did you get into a scrape with your college?"

"No; the report about the inquest was vague and short in the local papers. The poor devil had nothing on him to lead to his identification, and, as far as I know, was never enquired after."

"What became of the other actors in the drama?" said Talbot.

"Further than that Gipsy Cooper lost that fight and my money, and that my clerical friend has since attained the bench, I know nothing. Time for me to go to roost, and you fellows will shoot all the straighter if you follow my example."

"Right you are, uncle," replied Talbot. "Come along, Jim. Good-night, Sir Henry, and thanks for the yarn."

The Crinkleton Mystery.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

OUR grotesque teapot was an article decidedly ugly, wearing a permanent and disagreeable grin, and with a kind of snake arrangement for handle and spout. The gentle associations—the day's labor done, the drawing in round the fire, the family circle, with the cheering and not inebriating results—seem wholly incompatible with the use of such an article; and the spectacle of the amiable fluid poured from such a vessel by gentle hands, was almost a painful one.

But I would not part with it for any money; it is held in affection like a cherished heirloom. Yet it is damaged—indeed, from the network of lines and cracks which covers it, even an unprofessional could see that it had been "smashed" into a hundred pieces at least.

So it has. One day it got a fall—was dropped—and lay on the floor, shivered into a heap of fragments.

The restoration, deemed impossible at first, was undertaken for a large sum of money, which was paid with delight, for that fall brought about what you are now going to hear.

I well recollect the day that my dear father secured it, and when he said it was "a unique." We could see no beauty in it, although we tried hard to do so; and as to its uniqueness, we rather thought that was an advantage for the world, and for the spread of taste.

He was considered a gentle enthusiast, this Mr. Crinkleton, and as I once overheard a brother-amateur whisper to his friend, "like a particular saucer—all cracked and mended," and though I should not say it, still the conviction began to force itself on me of late years that, from over-devotion to this pursuit, he had grown a little odd.

Not that he was one of the reckless, wasteful amateurs, with whom collecting is a passion as impossible to be resisted as drinking, and who devour and swallow everything with a reckless craving.

He had the most surprising taste and judgment, and it was admitted that the choicest and most valuable portion of his collection had been gathered very cheaply, when he was a poor man. But I can see I have been assuming a good many things as known, which there has not been time to tell.

I, who have now the grotesque teapot in my hand, and am relating this story, was his son—a son that worshiped him, and sympathized with what friends called his hobby; though I frankly own I never could understand how this plate was precious, or that jug was rare, or this "bit" of Palissy worth more than the number of sovereigns that would cover its surface.

I confess, indeed, I had a feeling, but it was one of repulsion, for those brown lizards which kept crawling over the green plates.

However, he understood these things, and I did not, though he often offered to teach, or rather inspire me. Gradually the house began to fill with these treasures. Corner shelves and cupboards appeared, and were crowded.

Cabinets became chokefull, and the fame of the "Crinkleton Collection" began to spread.

As is usual in such cases, public opinion was divided, one portion of the community laughing at and pitying that poor man who was wasting his own and the family substance in a lot of crockery and gallipots; the other looking knowing, and saying that "little old Crinkleton" knew well what he was about, and would by-and-by sell the collection for ten times the amount it cost him.

It did indeed seem likely—for what he had bought for a few shillings he was now offered pounds.

I was all this time what is called "a little thing"—a pet, dividing the affection of my father with his other treasures. That constituted our united family—that perpetually increasing family—I finding new relations every day, in the shape of china dogs, Chelsea shepherds, Dresden beauties, and Toby jugs.

Oh, the Battersea enamel snuff-boxes and wine-labels! the tea-urns of rare Berlin!—but I must leave this subject, or I shall never get on.

One day, however, there came a surprise, not to say a shock, for me. The queer little Crinkleton, as the neighbors and friends would call him, had brought some new treasures and curiosities. Alas! a step-mother and her daughter.

They were very designing people, and, I believe, frightened him into it. He was shrinking and timorous, he would never have had courage to carry such a scheme into execution.

Thenceforth began a new and, for me, a terrible life. They brought no money with them, though he was persuaded that he was doing what is called "a good thing."

They very soon convinced him of the contrary. Two more capacious spoilers could not be conceived.

Every moment in the day they were making an inventory of "the property" about them with a questioning eye. An order was sternly sent forth that all buying was to be given up, and that "good money" was no longer to be squandered on rubbish.

Yet it could be seen that with an extraordinary inconsistency, they watched jealously over every article of the property, counting them, and taking good care to ascertain their value.

All our life in that house was of a sudden changed. Our poor dear father seemed to shrink and cower away under this despotism.

As for me, I felt that all happiness was gone, and that I was living in a prison under the charge of jailers. Many were the little furtive walks he took with me—I being no older than eight or ten years—when we would make our way guiltily to the narrow lane or street, to gaze at curiosities which he dared not purchase.

It was miserable for me, whose hand was in his, to note his wistful looks, and even more miserable to see that this was but part of his sufferings under this slavery, which grew more and more galling every day.

It was on one of these occasions that we spied the grotesque teapot. The sight brought the color to his cheeks, for he had nothing of that pattern in the collection. It was exposed in a poor, mean little den—not a curiosity shop at all—a kind of huckster's place.

Here the teapot was offered with a view of finding some purchaser who would use it for the purpose of making tea. He was enraptured with it. He could at least ask the price.

Four-and-sixpence—worth, he said, five guineas, and would be worth double by-and-by. As we went out it was offered for three-and-six. It was very tempting, but he resisted it then.

The next day he took me out with him for a walk, but this was for a second inspection. He delayed long before he could make up his mind, but at last the purchase was made.

Then it was to be brought home, and then came the difficulty. Where was it to be placed?—for their Argus eyes would detect the slightest change.

But they had an instinct that something was wrong. The daughter was in the parlor window, looking up and down the street, while she—I always thought of her as though she were a unique, like the teapot—opened the door, and gave a policeman-like glance at his figure.

The grotesque was hidden away under his coat, but a great protuberance revealed its place of concealment. We were both arrested, the trembling victim assailed by both women, and the grotesque confiscated on the spot, as indeed all his treasures had been already.

I saw them later inspecting it curiously, and with eager eyes; for they had a suspicion of its value, and after all trusted to his judgment.

Indeed, latterly I noticed that this pair was inspecting the cabinets: and more than once I had surprised them with their heads bent down over some little cup or figure.

One day, too, I heard them talking earnestly about some one they called "Dimbley's man," and what he had said.

This did not make much impression, but in a day or two I again heard a remark about Dimbley's man, to the effect that he was coming to-morrow.

In our next little walk, grown curious about the matter, I asked my father—

"Who is Dimbley's man, father?"

He started.

"Why?" he said—"what about him?—what do you know of him?—who wants him?"

These questions were put quickly, and with agitation. I told him what I had heard, when he almost gave a cry, and turned sharply round to go home.

"I see what they are at. I suspected it. They want to sell the things."

We returned hurriedly—he was in a perfect fever, and when he entered flew to inspect his darling treasures, which he found all safe, though he discovered the two women busily engaged in peering into the cabinets, and handling them cautiously. But with them was a gentlemanly and fluent personage, who was giving his opinion, and admiring the collection.

He read the whole situation at a glance. The color flew to his cheeks, and with vehemence that was wholly artificial and unnatural he addressed the party.

"I know well what all this means," he said; "I'll not have it—I'll not allow it. It is robbery. I'll not part with these things but with my life. Go away, sir," he said to the gentlemanly man: "this is my property. They are not to be valued or sold."

To do him justice, the gentlemanly man was much put out at this incident, and declared truly that he had merely come, as he supposed, at Mr. Crinkleton's request. And he took his departure at once. Then my father turned on them.

"Let a finger be laid on my treasures," he cried, "and I will do something desperate. I'll send them to-morrow to some museum—give them away—sooner than have them scattered. Mind, take warning, for they are part of my life!"

The two ladies were much taken aback at this sudden explosion, and even tried to soothe him.

But for the rest of the day he was terribly excited, and the following morning was lying ill in bed, with wild eyes and all the symptoms of fever. A doctor was sent for to attend him—an eminent practitioner—who looked grave.

Indeed, the two ladies caught the reflection from his face, and looked grave and disturbed.

I was the only one whom he seemed to recognise, though indistinctly. Again there was fresh whispering, and inspection of papers and property.

And again his eyes peered out wistfully towards the door, as if he could see the spectral images of his collection floating away in the direction of Dimbley's.

He grew worse and worse. To my inexpressible grief, it one morning passed round the house in a mysterious way that we were to lose him.

Some one came running for me, and took me by the hand to lead me to him. There was a piteous intelligence in his eye, and a gleam of light came into it as he saw me. He was moving his arms and pointing, and trying to speak.

The lady who was his wife kept turning up her eyes and shaking her head, as who should say his wits were gone. But he kept his imploring glance fixed on me, making as though he would clutch something in his hand.

I was sure, I could have sworn it was one of his pet treasures, and stole away to rack my little brain with desperate attempts. At first I thought it must be the two precious figures of Old Bow, representing Kitty Clive and Woodward Martin, as the fine lady and gentleman, and I returned with these in my hands.

A fresh eagerness came into his eyes, and he seemed to smile and nod his head, as though it was something near what he desired.

Some curious stupidity came over me—or was it my trouble? for I surely ought to have guessed, and gone out to choose some other article, which should be the right one.

While I was taking a hurried bird's-eye glance over the collection, they came running to me again, and I was dragged in to see the last friend I had on earth in his agony.

* * * * * *

So he passed away; and after a scarcely decent interval, the two women were going about with avaricious eyes, counting up the treasures.

This time there was no one to interfere with "Dimbley's man," and the eminent firm had pronounced that the whole, when submitted to competition at their well-known mart, would bring a vast sum.

By the will of the deceased collector, made shortly after his second marriage, the whole of his property was to go to her, and a small pittance was kept for us—that is, for me and for my sister, who was at a cheap boarding-school.

A great fuss began to be made about the Crinkleton Collection, and it was discovered that another portion was at some museum in the country, where it had been exhibited, and which was quite as valuable as that in our house.

The whole, it was expected, would bring ten or twelve thousand pounds. They were gloating over their prospect.

We—that is, my sister and I—would be beggars, but that they did not think about.

By-and-by the inventory was taken, the

catalogue made out, and the prospect discovered to be even more inviting. The men in green baize arrived to pack and carry away. Spring-vans stood at the door. We saw the whole thing stripped gradually—there was not to be a relic kept (so I was told) to remind us of the dear old collector who had brought them together.

Very timorously I begged that they would let me choose something which I might keep as a souvenir; but an excuse was made that a list had been taken, and that it would be impossible to make any alteration now.

Utterly shocked, and almost desperate with rage at such heartlessness, I came to the resolution that I would have what I wanted, and determined to secure what was associated with one of the last acts of my father's life at which I had assisted, namely, the old teapot.

That should be mine, and should not be subjected to the profanation of a sale. I did not care for the penalties, which I knew would be awful; they might put me to the torture, they should never know where I had concealed this relic.

My plans were laid. I chose a moment when they had gone out, and taking no one into my confidence prepared to execute the daring scheme. It was a nervous task.

The teapot was placed, with a few other articles not yet removed, on a high bracket of antique pattern over the chimney-piece. Even standing on a chair, I could not reach it; still I was not to be daunted.

I constructed a sort of ladder formed of chairs, which, with trepidation I ascended. I secured the grotesque teapot, but without ever having heard the Latin quotation, *Facilis descensus*, I found myself cordially indorsing its truth, and stood there on a precarious balance, carefully holding the treasure, and not knowing what to do next.

To get down and leave the teapot, it might be thought, would be the simplest course; but with my nervousness, and its own insecurity, the structure now began to totter. The next instant I heard her on the stairs.

How it occurred I know not, but there followed a crash, I being left standing upon the insecure construction, whilst the old cherished teapot had slipped from my fingers, and was dashed into a hundred fragments on the hearthstone!

They rushed in—I was dragged down, and in a storm of scoldings was hurried off for punishment. It was inflicted with terrible severity, and I bore it without flinching.

One thought was even then in my mind, to recover the shattered fragments, keep them in that condition, and perhaps some day, when I was richer, get them again restored.

When they were tired of scolding and beating, they had gone down-stairs; then after waiting patiently, I watched my opportunity and stole down. They had not thought it worth while to remove the fragments, which lay there in a heap—the leering face, the curved handle, the spout, the lid.

I gathered them up tenderly, and as I did so, saw that a small piece of paper folded up was lying, as it were, partially thrust into the spout. I took it up with the pieces, on the ground that it was a relic of his that ought to be preserved, and reverently took the whole mass away to my own room.

It seemed hopeless. I tried myself to put the pieces together in many different ways, but it was not to be done save by a miracle—a miracle, however, which skilful hands accomplished later. In a sort of despair I laid it aside, and then carelessly opened the paper.

It was signed with his name, which was sufficient to give it an interest for me. And yet this only made me feel more acutely the cruel loss of the piece of earthenware, which I felt that nothing could ever restore to us. It was a long time indeed before I set myself seriously to the task of making out what was written on the slip of paper.

It began, "Codicil to my Will," and stated that it revoked the bequest of a particular date, and left all his personal property and effects, including the chaise, which was to be sold off, to his two children.

This I did not quite understand at the time, nor did I see the full force and meaning of it. But seizing a favorable opportunity I got away out of the house, and hurried to a friendly Mr. Baker—of course bald and benevolent—to show it. He started as he read.

"This makes a most important difference," he said; "you must leave it with me, and I will call up in the morning."

Everything, as it proved, was ours. The cruel pair got nothing, save the small sum that had been settled on her at the time of her marriage.

The collection brought a vast sum, much more indeed than any one had ever anticipated. And the teapot, as I have already said, repaired with the most exquisite art, now reposes in a place of honor.

On Hesitation.—Hesitation and vacillation are two qualities which count for a good deal in the histories of disappointment. A man who is not quite certain which way he means to go, and stands hesitating at the cross roads, makes no progress on his journey; and a woman who has a heap of odds and ends to attend to, household duties, letters to write, visits to pay, etc., and sits down with her hands before her trying to make up her mind what she will begin upon first, will never do anything so long as she sits there. The rule for small things applies equally to great, so that in fact we may put down a certain proportion of the ills of life fairly enough to the weakness and want of backbone in the character of the disappointed.

THE OLDEST CITY.

Fifty-three years after the bold Spanish navigator, Ponce de Leon, had landed on the pine and palm covered peninsula that bars the Gulf of Mexico from the great Atlantic, and called it Florida—and fifty-three years before the Pilgrim Fathers set their feet on Plymouth Rock away in the far north, a Spanish expedition under the command of Don Pedro de Avilas disembarked from their old galleons on St. Augustine's Day, 1565, and made their camp upon the shore, where they ultimately built the town named after that great saint—the first, and consequently the oldest, of all American cities.

And to-day, a very queer old place this city is; there is nothing like it in America. The oldest street remaining is but seven feet broad, and the balconies that project from the upper stories of the houses well nigh touch. You can easily shake hands with your opposite neighbor.

St. Augustine is situated on a wide and shallow bay, across the mouth of which there lies the long, narrow island of Anastasia. The town stretches along the shore for over a mile, and is protected from ravages of the sea by a solidly built seawall, which is sufficiently wide on the top to form a pleasant lounge for the inhabitants in the cool of the evening.

At the eastern end of the Plaza, or public square, and overlooking the harbor and sea-coast, there stands the old slave-market, now happily disused, and only remaining as a relic of the state of things "befo' the War." There are no walls—simply a deep roof, supported on fourteen pillars, seven a side, a surmounted at one end by a cupola, from which there rang the notes of the bell that announced a sale of slaves. The building is about fifty feet long and thirty feet broad.

On another side of the Plaza is the old cathedral. It has a well-designed west front, and a Moorish belfry for four bells, each in a separate niche—three below and one above. They are the oldest bells in America, and upon one side is the date of 1689.

Inside the cathedral there is an imposing high-altar, with a great solid silver lamp hanging before it and continually burning; and on the south wall of the nave is a queer old picture representing the first mass said at St. Augustine. The interest of the picture is heightened by the surrounding palm trees and the groups of friendly Indians, who, with awe and curiosity, are imitating the action of the white men.

The great feature, however, of St. Augustine is Fort Marion. It is built near the edge of the shore, and is defended from the sea by high and massive ramparts, which form, like the seawall of the town, a favorite promenade for the St. Augustine folk.

Fort Marion, which in the time of the Spaniards successively bore the names of San Juan de Pinos and San Marco, and only received its present name from "Uncle Sam," when Florida was bought from the Spaniards by the United States early in the present century, is a fine specimen of military engineering.

Passing through the fort gate, one comes into an open court about a hundred feet each way, which at the present time is almost entirely occupied by the wigwams of the imprisoned Apache Indians. Some five hundred of these redskins are kept here by the government. They were taken captive by the various expeditions sent against them into Arizona, New Mexico, and the neighboring territories, where for many years they have been a danger and a terror to the white settlers.

These Apaches, like Indians generally, are taciturn and "'cute;" they appreciate the value of the dollar as any "Down-easter" does. They are allowed to sell the bows and arrows, toys, moccasins, rude musical instruments, and other simple things that they make, to the visitors at St. Augustine, who while away a good deal of their time in watching them at their work and games.

Their chief amusements are shooting with the bow, which even children do with marvellous skill; indulging in a game somewhat like quoits; and playing on a rough sort of a fiddle, made out of a large bamboo cane, with a minute fiddle-bow.

The incongruity of some of their costumes is amusing. The great ambition of an Indian seems to be to possess a flannel shirt and a pair of high boots. It is comical to watch a silent and solemn-looking Indian, highly ochred, strutting about in a flannel shirt, a huge blanket, high boots, and a perfect innocence of anything in the way of breeches! On the other hand, some who have these desirable articles of apparel, are shirtless and bootless!

Queer enough it seems to see these Indians living comfortably and apparently happily within the old Spanish fort. Of the hundred guns that once formed its armament, not a half remain, and the garrison of to-day is still smaller in proportion. The dark dismal dungeon underground, the iron cages hung upon the wall, and the chains, with iron bracelets, that are attached to the floor, are no longer used for captured foes, and have fallen into decay.

"I will place your landscape in the window, but I must insist that you put your name on it in large, plain letters," said the picture seller to Dauber, who is a young amateur artist. "Why do you insist on my name being so prominent?" asked Dauber, somewhat surprised. "I am conscientious about this matter. I want it known that you painted the picture. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall on some innocent party."

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A new form of mendicancy is becoming fashionable in Paris. The beggars who affect the latest mode attire themselves in artistic costumes and armed with a palette and brushes and other insignia of the painter's profession, take their position in the galleries of the Louvre and Luxembourg, and whenever an English tourists' party comes near, assume the character of starving artists. Steps have been taken by the authorities at the Louvre to suppress this.

A correspondent writes to a New York paper to inform "the poor mothers whose children are suffering for want of milk that in France even the children of many rich people are half fed on barley water. It is considered most nourishing, and is recommended by doctors for delicate babies, and considered to be more easily digested than milk. Take a cupful of pearl barley, add three of cold water, and boil till the barley is soft, then strain and add sugar. The barley itself can be used in broth for the older children, and is all the better for being so thoroughly boiled."

In Paris, masters and mistresses, it is alleged by a correspondent, dreading the criticisms of the servants' hall and desiring comfort in the dining-room, have dispensed with the service of waiters; instead a miniature electric railway is laid down on the dining table and continued on the same level to the kitchen through an aperture in the wall. Dishes come in and, after having made the round, going out on a sort of a small truck. The truck can be stopped anywhere, and does its work admirably, and any amount of art may be lavished on it to make it beautiful.

A novel craft is being constructed at a Jeffersonville (Ind.) shipyard for an enterprising St. Louis citizen. It is to be a floating theatre, and will cost about $50,000. The boat is to be built in the shape of a house, with flat bottom, and is to be finished up in elaborate style, with stage, boxes and all the belongings of a first-class theatre. It is the intention of the proprietor to float his theatre all along the Ohio Mississippi and rivers, and to give dramatic and musical entertainments at the ports in various cities during the summer months when the regular theatres are closed.

The longest English word is again talked about. A Boston paper says "the longest word so far discovered, was found by a Boston physician in a medical journal, the word being the chemical terminology for cocaine, Methylbenzoylmethoxyethyltetrahydropyridinecarboxylate. There are 32 letters in the word. The next longest words known are Anthropomorphitamanimalicalization, 32 letters; phlegoxynosophalographicalities, 30 letters; dysmorphosteopalinklaster (an instrument used for breaking the ossified callus of a falsely united fracture), 26 letters; methylethyephyniammonium, 25 letters, and dioxymethylanthraquinone (an old name for chrysophanic acid), 23 letters. Besides such giants of vocabulary as these the tremendous German compounds almost sink into insignificance."

A writer in a Boston paper says: "I saw an illustration of the use of the inevitable dog on the express wagon yesterday. A rather tramplish looking fellow was teasing one of these creatures, apparently for amusement only, when the driver came along and pulled the dog to the other side of the wagon from which he was barking vociferously at the untidy looking stranger. A moment afterward I noticed the man's hand pass over the opposite side of the wagon, but before he could draw it out the dog, whom the expressman had quietly let loose, had seized him forcibly by the arm. The pain was enough to make the man drop a package on which he had laid hold, and it was not easy to make the dog relax his grip. When this was done the expressman said to the tramp: 'Now you just keep clear of that critter. He knows you, and knew at the start what you wanted to do, and next time he won't let you off so easy.'"

The Home Secretary of England enjoys now and has had enjoyed the right as far back as 1710 to open any letters he may see fit. The way he sets is to issue a warrant that letters addressed to so and so are to be detained and submitted to him. He need not, unless he likes, give any reason to anybody for deciding to detain any one's correspondence. Hitherto the warrants issued have been issued either in furtherance of criminal justice, or for the purpose of discovering the designs of persons suspected of being implicated in proceedings dangerous to the state. During the first half of the present century the letters of 144 different people were detained and examined, the writers being suspected of murder, theft and fraud; of 77 through suspicions of treason, and of 18 who were prisoners of war. The last time that public notice was drawn to this power of opening letters was in 1882, when some Irish members of Parliament complained of their correspondence having been examined in Dublin. This, however, was not due to the power that we have been speaking of as vested in the Home Secretary—that power is limited to England. In Ireland the power is enjoyed by the Irish government.

Their Reasons Why.—A Southern paper sent out recently a note of inquiry to a number of bachelors in the city, asking them to give confidentially and briefly for publication, the reason why they never married. Over one-half of them have answered, and some of the causes assigned are:

"Am only 45 years old. Consider myself too young."

"Haven't been properly urged."

"Some other fellow married the girl. I owe him a debt of gratitude. She made it lively for him."

"Heard that my fiancee snored, and I broke off the engagement."

"My best girl had fits."

"Came very near being married once; I asked a girl, and she said 'no.'"

"The happiest man I ever saw was one who had just been divorced."

"I had a friend who was married. He sent me a book called 'Don't.'"

"I know a man who put his resignation at the club the same day the invitations to his wedding were sent out. In three months he was re-elected in the club, and now spends his evenings, from 8 until 12 o'clock, with the boys. This makes me wonder."

"Am afraid to get married. I know two or three young married men who congratulate each other when their wives go out of town. Think they ought not to do so, but there must be some cause."

"Find considerable difficulty in bringing my diverged rays of affection to focus owing to the beauty and charms of so many girls."

Her Slipper.—Cinderella's real name, it seems, was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the common era and during the reign of Psammetichus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt.

One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes upon the bank. An eagle passing pounced down and carried off one in its beak. The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammetichus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty, and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of "Cinderella," the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammetichus, and the foundation of the fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls two thousand four hundred years later.

"Didn't Know It Was Loaded.

The young man fell dead!
A friend had pointed a revolver at him.
"He didn't know it was loaded!"

We often hear it stated that a man is not responsible for what he does not know. The law presupposes knowledge and therefore convicts the man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known" has often been an unfortunate man's apology for some evil unknowingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest—as for instance that laudanum is a poison, that naphtha is a deadly explosive, that blood heavily charged with a winter's accumulations of the waste of the system,—it is one's duty to know the fact and the consequences thereof. Our good old grandmothers knew for instance, that the opening of spring was the most perilous period of the year.

Why?

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a good deal and made to flow quickly and healthfully through the arteries and veins, it is impossible to have good vigor the rest of the year. Hence, without exception, what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was plentifully made and religiously given to every member of the family regularly through March, April, May and June. It is a matter of record that this prudential, preventive and restorative custom saved many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happiness to a vigorous old age, and did away with heavy medical expenditures.

Mrs. Maggie Kerchwa, Lexington, Ky., says Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla "for nervous sick headache of which I had been a sufferer for years. It has been a great benefit to me." Capt. Hugh Harkins, 1114S, 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa., says "it purified my blood and removed the blotches from my skin." Mrs. Aaron Smith, Topton, Berks Co., Pa., says she "was entirely cured of a skin disease of the worst kind," by Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Bad skin indicates a very bad condition of the blood.

If you would live and be well, go to your druggist to-day and get Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and take no other,—there's nothing like it or as good,—and completely renovate your impaired system with this simple, old-fashioned preparation of roots and herbs.

Warner, who makes the famous Safe Cure, puts it up, and that is a guarantee of excellence all over the known world. Take it yourself and give it to the other members of the family, including the children. You will be astonished at its health-giving and life-prolonging powers. We say this editorially with perfect confidence, because we have heard good things of it everywhere, and its name is a guarantee that it is first class in every particular.

Our Young Folks.

THE GENERAL'S TOP-BOOTS.

BY M. BROWNE.

WAR was raging in the land and the General's top-boots were missing. Perhaps you may think that the top-boots were of no consequence; but if so you are mistaken, for how could a general go out without his boots, and how could the soldiers conquer the enemy without a commander?

The General had risen late that morning, which partly accounted for his bad temper, and there were rumors afloat that he had got out of bed the wrong way; but this was only a scandalous report started by the first officer, who was jealous of the General.

It certainly was very trying to the General's temper to lose his boots, particularly as he prided himself upon his appearance. Indeed, it was his grand uniform which had given him his position; for the soldiers had agreed that the owner of that uniform, although it was a German one, must be made commander-in-chief. The finishing touch to the whole dress was the beautiful pair of top-boots, and on the very morning of the battle these boots were missing.

They searched high and low. The whole army, officers and common soldier, for there was only one, tramped up and down the house.

The General's mamma came home in the middle of the search and stopped it. She said she could not have so many boys going up and down stairs, and finally she turned the army out of the house.

Naturally the officers, and even the common soldier, felt very indignant, and at last the first officer persuaded his companions to send a message to the General to say that if he were at his post on duty by the pond within a quarter of an hour, he might still have the privilege of leading them to battle; if not, they should be under the painful necessity of choosing another leader.

The only one who objected to this message was the common soldier; but nobody ever took any notice of him, so he was told to go to the General without delay.

When the General received the message he was quite overcome by his emotions. The common soldier was very sorry for him, so sorry that he made up his mind that find those top-boots he would

He therefore began to look very carefully for the General's footstool, which had been lost for some time. He did this because he was a clever boy, and knew that the way to find one thing was to look for another.

His plan answered, and five minutes later he returned with the missing top-boots.

The General was overjoyed. Of course his first question was, "Where did you find them?"

"In an old basket by the back door," said the common soldier. "However did they get there?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the General, and he knit his brows. "It looks very suspicious. Can any one have hidden them there?"

"Well, be quick now" said the soldier; "put them on and be off to the pond."

The General accepted his advice, and, by taking a short cut across some very muddy fields, reached the pond before his officers. He had only just time to put himself in position when he heard steps approaching, and the boys came in sight.

Of course they never expected for one minute to find their commander at his post, and accordingly they were very much astonished to see him on duty, in the German uniform and top-boots.

"Here you are at last," said the General cheerfully. "The enemy seem to have gone home; I suppose they were disgusted. Boys, we must challenge them again, or we shall be laughed at by the whole school."

The enemy, you must know, consisted of some of the boys of a neighboring school.

When the General spoke the first officer smiled.

"May I ask our chief," he said, "if we are to tell the enemy that we were unable to fight because part of our General's uniform was missing?"

The chief colored, but, keeping his temper, he said quite calmly:

"You may; but please add, that overcome by jealousy, one of his officers forgot his position and hid those boots."

Directly all the officers—there were five of them—looked at each other amazed, and then with one voice demanded an explanation.

"My boot," said the General, "was found by our common soldier outside the back-door. The question is, 'How did it get there?'"

"This certainly ought to be looked into," said the Captain; "let us go to the hayloft and talk it over."

Accordingly about ten minutes later the whole army—General, five officers and common soldier—was settled very comfortably in the old loft.

After a moment's pause the first officer said.

"I suppose you are accusing me of hiding your old boots?"

"I mentioned no names," said the General; "but if the cap fits, put it on."

"May I look at the boots that I am supposed to have hidden?" asked the first officer.

"Yes, if you like to get them," said the General. "I took off my boots to climb into the loft, but you will find them at the bottom of the ladder. Common soldier, fetch them."

The common soldier at once went down the ladder to fetch the boots.

The boys in the loft heard him go bump on the ground, and then they heard a cry of astonishment.

"What is the matter?" asked the General.

"They're gone," shouted the soldier—"gone; the top-boots are gone again!"

In half a minute the whole army was out of the loft and down on the ground, and in another half-minute the boys were hunting amongst the straw, but it was no good.

"Let us go look once more in the basket," said the common soldier.

Every one laughed at such an idea; but all the same they went to see, the General mounted on the Captain's back.

They reached the back door, they looked in the basket, and there, lying right before them, were the mysterious top-boots.

"They must be bewitched," said the General.

"Well, at any rate, you will grant that I did not take them this time," said the first officer.

"But who did?" said the Captain.

"Why, it must have been the cat," said the first officer, laughing.

"It might be the puppy," said the General. "I never thought of that before."

"Let us hide and see if he comes back again," said the common soldier.

The army hid—a disgraceful thing indeed for an army to do, but they did it; and sure enough, when they had waited a few minutes, the puppy, a young retriever, ran up to the basket and, taking a boot in his mouth, walked away with it.

So after all the dog was the thief.

The General begged the first officer's pardon, and the next day the army defeated the enemy. Then, to crown all, the common soldier was made an ensign.

BONNIE'S TRIAL.

BY H. B. D.

"HE is so clever!" said Roger.

"And so handsome!" said Mysie.

"And so brave," added Rachel; "he doesn't seem the least bit frightened of anything or anybody."

This is what the children said about him. As for his mother, old Darby, she told him every morning of his life that he was the very finest puppy she had ever seen or was ever likely to see; and as for Bonnie himself—well, he thought that the children and his mother knew what they were talking about, and quite agreed with them.

There was only one thing that disturbed his mind. That was that Carlo, the big retriever, wagged his tail vigorously—which is the way a dog smiles, you know—when Bonnie announced boldly in the stable-yard that he was clever, handsome, brave, and the finest puppy in the whole world.

Bonnie felt very indignant with Carlo. What business had he to wag his tail? did he not think so too?

Carlo evidently did not think so, for when asked this question he wagged his tail all the more, and only said—

"Prove that you are brave, Bonnie, and then I will believe that you are handsome and clever."

"Very well," said Bonnie to himself, "I will prove it; and the first thing for me to do is to go out into the world and commence my travels."

He said nothing to his mother; but one bright sunshiny morning, when the coachman opened the stable-door to let Carlo out, small Bonnie crept out too, and followed the big dog down the lane.

Carlo, however, managed to get over the ground much more quickly than the puppy could do, and Bonnie was soon left behind.

He made his way across some fields, and at last came to a little stream. Then he began to feel thirsty, and thought he would like a drink of water. He went down to the stream, and bent his head to drink. What was his astonishment to see a very handsome puppy looking up at him!

What did it mean? Was this puppy trying to drink his water? He would not allow that, and he barked and shook his head. The puppy only shook his head in return. Bonnie quickly ran into the water to attack him, but the puppy disappeared. He swam about for some time looking for him, and then decided that he must have frightened him away.

Just as he was crawling on to the bank he saw Carlo bounding towards him. Bonnie at once began to relate his great adventure—how he had seen a dog drinking his water, and had fought him and frightened him away.

"Which way did he go?" asked Carlo, beginning to wag his tail.

"Oh, I don't know," said Bonnie; "but he was in the water when I first saw him."

Carlo ran down to the water, and calling Bonnie to him, told him to look into the stream. Bonnie looked, and barked with astonishment, for there was the puppy again.

"Now, my clever friend," said Carlo, "don't you understand? That is no dog, but the reflection of yourself in the water. I don't call it very clever to fight and frighten your own reflection."

Poor Bonnie looked very disgusted; and then he walked along by the side of the stream very soberly, trying to think what he could do. After a little time he came to a place where a bridge had been made over the stream by throwing a plank across. Bonnie decided that he would go over this.

He had reached the end of the plank when he saw five geese coming down the path towards him. He thought perhaps it would be as well to let the birds pass by before he continued his walk in search of Carlo, so he began to retrace his steps.

Unfortunately, the geese came towards the bridge instead of passing by it; and before Bonnie reached the bank one of them stepped on the bridge.

At first he thought he would run away home; then he remembered how Carlo's tail would wag, and turning round, walked towards the bird.

He reached the middle of the plank, and stood facing it. The bird looked at him for one moment, and then began making such a noise as Bonnie had never heard before. He was too frightened to bark, or run away, or do anything, so he stood quite still. The bird took another step towards him.

Bonnie turned his head away, and was just making up his mind to run for his life and not even try to be brave, when through the trees he caught sight of Carlo's tail. He only saw it for one second, but it was evidently wagging hard.

Without stopping to think any more, Bonnie gave a big jump, as loud a bark as ever he could, and shut his eyes tight, so that he could not see what happened next.

What did happen? Why, he suddenly found himself struggling in the cold water.

He was so frightened that somehow he did not seem to be able to swim, and somehow too, he felt so cold and stiff.

Next he heard Carlo's bark, and felt Carlo helping him, and pulling him out of the water on to the dry land. He was very soon quite himself again, and then he looked round about him.

There was the bridge, but there were no big geese on it, and there was Carlo.

Bonnie at once looked at the tail, and was astonished to see that it really was not wagging.

"Whatever happened?" he asked at last. "What did that horrid bird do to me? and where is it gone "

"It was frightened away, of course, by you," said Carlo; "but it seems you frightened yourself as much as the goose. I was watching you from behind a big bush all the time. I thought at first you were going to be a coward; but then you barked loudly, and, of course, all the geese were frightened and waddled off the bridge. Then, to my astonishment, you tumbled into the water. Whatever were you doing?"

"My foot slipped," said Bonnie; "and to tell you the truth, I was frightened."

"Well, it was very plucky of a little bit of a dog like you to attack those big birds. Don't think too much of yourself, and you will make a fine dog one of these days. Now come home; I think you have proved that you are brave."

Bonnie looked pleased, very pleased. Then he trotted home contentedly, and though Carlo's tail never wagged once the whole of the way home, Bonnie's own little tail wagged so much that it really is a wonder it did not come off.

ECONOMY OF TIME.

There may be economy of time as well as in spending of money. Time, in fact, is money, or money's worth. Few reflect deeply on this truth.

Young persons in particular throw away a vast deal of leisure time in a way often worse than useless. Much they spend in silly gossip with acquaintances, much in frivolous amusements, much in perfect vacancy of thought.

In many country towns, a great amount of time is spent in lounging at doorways or in the street. If all this idle time, exclusive of what should be properly devoted to open air exercise, were spent in the acquisition of some kind of useful knowledge, what a difference there would be in the lot of some persons.

We say to the young, devote your leisure hours to some useful purpose. And what are your leisure hours. Spare hours in the winter evenings after the labors of the day are over, and also hours in the morning, particularly during summer.

Rising at an early hour—for instance, at 4 or 5 o'clock—may be made the means of self-culture to a very considerable extent. Science or history may be studied; languages may be learned.

Early rising is perhaps considered by many to be a very vulgar practice. Those who say so have perused the biographies of great men with little attention. It is indisputable that few ever lived to a great age and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of rising early.

You rise late, and of course get about your business at a late hour, and every thing goes wrong all day.

Franklin says that "Who rises late, must trot all day, and not overtake his business at night."

We believe that with other degenerations of our days, history will prove that late rising is a very prominent one. There seems to be now a tendency to turn day into night—to breakfast late, dine late, and go to bed late, and consequently to rise late.

All this is most pernicious both to health and morals. To a certain extent, people must do as others do; nevertheless, every one is less or more able to act with something like independence of principle; the young—those who have everything to learn—can at least act upon a plan, rising at an early hour.

In order to arise early, we would recommend an early hour for retiring. There are many other reasons for this; neither your eyes nor your health are so likely to be destroyed. Nature seems to have so fitted things that we ought to rest in the early part of the night. A professor used to tell his pupils that "one hour of sleep before midnight is worth more than two hours after that time."

Let it be a rule with you, and if possible, adhered to, that you be at home, and have your light extinguished by ten o'clock in the evening. You may then arise at five, and have seven hours to sleep, which is about what nature requires. It may be most confidently affirmed that he who from his youth is in the habit of rising early, will be much more likely to live to old age, more likely to be a distinguished and useful man, and more likely to pass a life that is peaceful and pleasant. Read the life of Franklin, and see what he accomplished, both as respects economising of time, and the cultivation of his own capacious mind.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

IN the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal of Venice there is a key of which the following singular tradition is related. About the year 1600 one of those dangerous men in whom extraordinary talent is only the source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice.

The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, who was already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was, of course, rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged.

Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty; when turned it disclosed a spring, which, on pressure launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace.

Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with a sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party.

Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not discover the cause of this strange illness; and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal.

The alarm which these deaths—which appeared almost miraculous—occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal; everyone feared for his own house. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate.

The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the deaths of all those most dear to her it had become odious, and her reply was most decidedly in the negative.

Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded. The obscurity of the place prevented his movement being observed. On her return to the room the maiden found a pain in her breast; uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood.

The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance—taught by the past—wasted no time in conjecture, but, cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any more mischief had begun, and saved the life of the lady.

The State Inquisition used every means to discover the hand which had dealt those insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall upon him.

His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

THE PAPER COLLAR.—There was a time when the paper collar reigned supreme. It encircled the masculine neck from Maine to California, and attained great popularity as an article of feminine attire. Nested in boxes of every variety of color and style of adornment, it added attractiveness to the furnishing store window.

In its decaying stages it filled gutters, lent vanity to ash heaps, and dotted the landscape along the line of every railroad in the country, dividing honors across the Western plains with the tin can.

Its stronghold was in the crowded metropolis, but its trail extended into the remotest backwoods district. It would seem, considering this immense popularity, that Mr. Measrole, the inventor of the collar, must have been insured against poverty for the rest of his days, but such, it seems, is not the case.

A bigamy trial in New York, in which a member of the family is involved, brings out the fact that the wealth which accrued from the patent has, like the collar itself, vanished, no man can say whither.

A BROKEN PROMISE.

BY E. L. TOOKE.

Words, idle words,
And kisses, and love's tender token,
My heart with his promise was broken.
And yet if this morn
We should meet, his pleading and smiling,
His penitence, prayers and beguiling,
I could not but scorn,
Words, idle words!

Tears, idle tears,
Go back to your fountains of sorrow.
For if I should see him to-morrow
I could not forgive.
A woman's love valued so lightly,
A promise that bound him so slightly.
And, why do I live?
Tears, idle tears!

Love, faithful love,
Oh, where shall I find thee abiding:
In what mountain fastness art hiding?
My gold is alloy.
The last word of farewell is spoken,
The silence is long and unbroken,
Can time e'er destroy
Love, faithful love?

ABOUT ARMCHAIRS.

The armchair is very ancient; the true easy-chair is not more than five hundred years old. The armchair is the seat of kingly power, of judicial authority, of lordly pre-eminence, of ecclesiastical rule, of professional instruction. In a word, it was the throne.

The word "throne" is from a Greek word meaning a chair, or single chair, as distinct from a double chair, in which two persons could sit. But the word "throne" is now reserved for official and State chairs.

Layard, the traveller, found on some of the tablets of Nineveh "representations of chairs supported by animals and by human figures, sometimes prisoners, like the Caryatidæ of the Greeks. In this they resembled the armchairs of Egypt, but appear to have been more massive."

The throne of Solomon, as described in the First Book of Kings, was of ivory, inlaid with gold. The throne had steps and a canopy. The Persian throne was of gold, with light pillars of gold, encrusted with jewels, upholding the canopy. The Egyptian thrones were of the armchair type, the arms formed of figures of captives or subject princes. The ordinary Egyptian household chairs were armless.

The Greeks had reclining couches and thin-barred armchairs in domestic use, but they reserved the true armchair for other representative purposes. The thrones of the Greek gods, represented in works of art however richly ornamented, are simply armchairs with upright backs.

They had no Epicurean notions of their deities, and never presented them to the eye of the public lounging in an easy-chair, which would have suggested the idea of infirmity. On the contrary, they are full of force and energy, and sit erect on their thrones, ready to succor their worshippers at a moment's warning. In the Homeric age these were nobly carved, like the divans, adorned with silver studs, and so high that they required a footstool.

Lofty straight backs and low straight arms were common in all these chairs of authority. The use of the footstool was rendered unnecessary in later times, because such chairs had their seats lowered; but as long as it was required, reference is often made to it as in itself suggesting sovereignty, or completing the picture of it.

Isaiah was thinking of some grand earthly chair of state when he suggested the magnificent image—"The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool."

From Roman to our own times, through various forms and local peculiarities, the association of authority with the armchair has continued.

To call for a chair for a guest, when such articles of luxury were rare, was a mark of special respect. Occasionally the term "chair" was applied to what we should call a sofa, with ends and arms alike.

In visiting castles and mansions abroad, it is as well to bear in mind the part played by the armchair in the dining-room or banquet-hall. The benches and stools were of oak, and so were the tables and trestles. Retainers, members of a chief's family, and visitors even, sat on forms without backs.

But at the end of the hall there was generally a large armchair overhung with a canopy of silk or golden stuff, which was occupied by the owner of the castle, and only relinquished by him in favor of his superior sovereign. A raised bench at the end of the hall, with carved back and arms, was a later form of this state chair in some countries, and an earlier one in others.

There is a survival of the fact in such terms as "Benchers" and the "Bench," as applied to courts of law. In the slang of Shakspeare's time, however, a boncher was a tavern-haunter, from which circumstance we may infer that such places were better furnished than ordinary houses, where forms were general.

In later times the state chair was reduced in size, but it was always constructed so as to give erectness rather than repose to the body. Old inventories constantly mention such chairs as precious things, for it became common to use leather, silk, velvet, and cloth of gold, in France, Spain, and England.

The transition from the armchair to the easy-chair was not made all at once. When men and women wanted real repose, they formerly found it in divans, couches, sofas, and what in Shakspeare's time were somewhat reproachfully called "day-beds"

A loose cushion was made for wooden chairs, and it was sometimes placed upon, at other times underneath, a richly-embroidered cloth or an animal's skin. It is doubtful if for many hundred years the easy-chairs of Western Europe were anything more elaborate. The fixed seat and padded back and arms did not come into use in England until Queen Elizabeth's time.

The turned and fanciful chairs, some of which are still in use as survivals, or as imitations, were originally made in Flanders, and persecuted Huguenots brought the art of making them to other countries in their brains and fingers. A good many of them had triangular seats, and arms, backs, and legs were what we should now call imitation bamboo. They were usually called "joined chairs," to distinguish them from the heavy oaken chairs, carved out of one solid piece, which they were replacing.

It is clear that in early ages the double chair without arms, on which man and wife sat, each on the side, and not on the front, was the domestic chair. The couch without arms or back was Oriental.

In old families we may yet meet with huge double armchairs, in which man and wife used to sit. They are sometimes called "courting-chairs." A description of varieties in modern armchairs from the early part of the last century downwards would be tedious and out of place.

Grains of Gold.

Faith is the grave of care.

All finery is a sign of littleness.

No man was ever scolded out of his sins.

The true ornament of matrons is virtue, not apparel.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.

How easy it is to be amiable in the midst of happiness and success!

When pride and presumption walk before, shame and loss follow closely.

Virtue in its grandest aspect is neither more nor less than following reason.

Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolves.

Scandal, like a reptile crawling over a bright grass, leaves a trail and a sting.

How many persons fancy they have experience simply because they have grown old!

We smile at the satire expended upon the follies of others, but we forget to weep at our own.

He knows much who knows when to speak; he knows more who knows when to hold his tongue.

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

Every man has something to do which he neglects, every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

If perchance the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only of the merits of the case.

Some are cursed with the fulness of satiety; and how can they bear the ills of life, when its very pleasures fatigue them.

The language denotes the man. A coarse or refined character finds its expression naturally in a coarse or refined phraseology.

Most people have ears but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and, depend upon it, you will catch their judgments, such as they are.

We should be careful to deserve a good reputation by doing well; and when that care is once taken, not to be over anxious about the success.

Femininities.

A craze for abnormally long waists is coming.

The town council of Syracuse, in Kansas, is composed entirely of women.

The pronunciation used in Virginia of the family name "Enraughty" is Darby.

Prayer books bound in colors to correspond with the ecclesiastical seasons are exhibited.

Solid silver paper knives in the form of a Damascus sword have crept in among wedding presents.

Mrs. Giveaway, the wife of the railroad agent at Tennessee Pass, Col., gave birth to five boys recently.

"The laughter of girls," says De Quincey, "is and ever was among the most delightful sounds of earth."

The banjo is a favorite design in brooches, and may be entirely of gold or with a mother-of-pearl face.

Miss Laura Winkler, of Iowa, though totally blind, is one of the most successful temperance workers in the State.

The latest fashionable fad is to have the teeth of pet dogs filled with gold. The quality of gold leaf used is K 8.

He, at a dinner party: "May I pass you the cheese, Miss Breezy?" She, daintily: "Thanks; a small hunk, please."

If stung by a bee or wasp make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

For a sore throat, cut a slice of fat, boneless bacon, pepper thickly and tie around the throat with a flannel cloth.

The first woman doctor in Mexico has lately been honored with a complimentary bull fight for her entertainment.

Mrs. Sallie Summers, of Jones county, Ga., is 92 years old, and rejoices in 365 grandchildren, one for every day in the year.

A magnetic young woman in Tennessee can make the ax chop the wood without touching it. She has had 92 offers of marriage already.

Musical boxes operated by electricity are something new in Europe, and at receptions, one writer says, take the place of a band of music.

Lizzie Bell Sinclair, of Everittstown, N. J., celebrated her 12th birthday recently by completing a bed-quilt that contained 11,210 pieces.

There is a little girl in Harlem, N. Y., whose commercial interests are so precocious that she rents furnished rooms in her doll's house to her sisters for a fixed number of caramels each week.

In order to cure whooping cough in Warwickshire village, Eng., they cut a piece of hair from the nape of the child's neck, chop it very fine, and spread it on a piece of bread and give it to a dog.

The trouble with a good many girls is that they don't find out what they want until some time after they have had the very sad conclusion forced upon them that what they want does not want them.

The trouble with the average wife is that her husband is more prodigal with his protestations of affection than he is with his money, and that he does not waste much of either unless he wants a button sewed on.

Last summer at Cape Cod a gentleman was remarking on the color of a woman's earrings, and she informed him they were some her husband brought from sea—they were made of "the liver of Mount Vociferous."

Plutarch has a fine expression, with regard to some woman of learning, humility and virtue—that her ornaments were such as might be purchased without money, and would render any woman's life both glorious and happy.

Miss Homersham, who is lecturing in England on nursing, recommends that the sick room should contain only two chairs. "One a very comfortable one for the nurse, and a very uncomfortable one for visitors who stay too long."

The number of young women book agents has steadily decreased for the last 7 years, and is now only 20 per cent of what it was 8 years ago. It takes a pretty girl to be a successful canvasser, and pretty girls have no trouble in getting married.

Order is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness and Activity; her abode is the Valley of Happiness. She is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent, Disorder.

The latest thing at big dinner parties in New York is for the hostess to have each gentleman as he leaves the dressing-room receive a card bearing the name of the lady he is to take into dinner, and a diagram of the dinner table with his place and that of the lady picked out in red ink.

A girl in Jersey City is sending circulars all over the country to prominent people informing them that she is making a collection of diamonds for her amusement and asking them to contribute a gem or two. The next thing will be the girl who is collecting farms or corner lots.

At a leap year party near Bonnersville, Dak., a young lady proposed to the gentleman she had escorted, and, on being accepted, produced a minister and the ceremony was performed over the pair. The bride intended the affair only as a huge joke, but the groom didn't, and has called upon the court to decide on the legality of the wedding.

Some years ago Miss Scragg was attacked when traveling alone on an English railroad, and the public immediately demanded compartments for "ladies only," and they were introduced. Experience shows that the women will not use them. One road reports that less than 150 women occupied places out of 1100 set apart for them, while during the same period over 900 women occupied seats in smoking compartments. They will not leave the men alone, and the latter say they are much inconvenienced.

Masculinities.

The strongest tied in the affairs of men is marriage.

We have all strength enough to endure the troubles of other people.

A man of the world is at home everywhere except in his own home.

Why is a lover like a kernel of corn?—Because he turns white when he pops.

The man who makes a great deal of you often expects to make a good deal out of you.

"Frederick the Peaceful" is the title the Germans have bestowed upon their new Emperor.

To sleep upon a thing that is to be done is better than to be wakened up by one already done.

The term Derrick is an aboreviation of Theodoric, a hangman at Tyburn in the 17th century.

Speaking too much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is apt to be a niggard in deed.

The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites; it can never make them converts.

It is said that blacksmiths select a stormy day in which to perform work that requires extra heat.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

The trouble with the average husband is that he knows his wife knows he isn't so big a man as he wants the world to think he is.

The ancient Egyptians believed in one God, whose name was so sacred, according to Herodotus, that it was unlawful to utter it.

He is a model husband who will pretend to praise his wife's ability as a cook and then use her doughnuts as sinkers for his fishing lines.

The surest sign of age is loneliness. While one finds company in himself and his pursuits he cannot be old, whatever his years may be.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

Scepticism has never founded empires, established principles, or changed the world's heart. The great doers in history have always been men of faith.

Every man should study conciseness in speaking: it is a sign of ignorance not to know that long speeches, though they may please the speaker, are the torture of the hearer.

"They say man is the strongest sex!" exclaimed the elder Dumas. "Nonsense! A woman resisted me for 18 months, and I was never able to resist a woman more than 18 minutes!"

Socrates, when informed of some derogating speeches one had used concerning him behind his back, made only this facetious reply, "Let him beat me too when I am absent."

The trouble with a good many men is that they spend so much time admiring their own ability that they don't let other people have a chance to see that they have ability to admire.

"Is there anything more dreadful than dyspepsia, doctor?" asked Mr. Brasbread. "There is," interrupted Mrs. B. "What is it?" inquired the doctor. "The man who has it!" said Mrs. B.

At the Bridge Station of the Brooklyn Elevated Road a great crowd pushed and struggled. "That's right, gents," sang out a brakeman, with fine irony. "Jam in, jam in, or the ladies will get all the seats."

Brown: "I see they are trying to put a stop to all betting in New York." Boggs: "I'm glad of it. Betting is a pernicious practice. I hope they will stop it." "But they can't do it." "Can't do it! I'll bet you five dollars they can!"

We do not hesitate to state that 1888 is something very choice and grand for ladies who desire to marry, and, when they meet their proper fate, you bet we don't exaggerate when boldly we asseverate that not a woman will be late in gobbling up the tempting bait.

An old gentleman who has dabbled all his life in statistics says he never heard of more than one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions on every insurance paper being, "What is your age?"

A French bachelor advertised for a wife. A typographical error changed his age from 27 to 57, but it made no difference, for he received 250 applications from ladies ranging from the age of 16 to 80, and all promising love and devotion to the rest of his existence.

A man with three cur dogs following him was asked by a gentleman "What those dogs were good for?" The man replied, Yankee-like, asking "what two-thirds of human race were good for?" The gentleman went his way pondering on the problem.

During the past summer a couple of Englishmen were talking on the deck of a Rhine steamboat. Finally one of them drawled out: "I say, look in the guide-book, my dear fellow, and find out what kind of a landscape this is." Second Englishman, after exploring the book: "Very romantic and picturesque." "Aw!"

It was one of the wise laws of Lycurgus that no portions should be given to young women in marriage. When this great law-giver was called upon to justify the enactment, he observed that "in the choice of a wife merit only should be considered, and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches or neglected for their poverty."

A leading dealer in gents' furnishing goods in New York says "that clergymen are among the most fastidious of his customers. They are debarred, of course, from wearing anything conspicuous or flashy, but they always choose the finest material. Silk underwear made to order at a great cost is a favorite thing with them. Famous or wealthy men, he says, as a rule, care least about dress.

Recent Book Issues.

Four most valuable pamphlets are "Healthy Homes and Foods for the Working Classes," by Victor C. Vaughan, M. D., Ph. D., Professor in the University of Michigan; "The Sanitary Conditions and Necessities of School Houses and School Life," by D. F. Lincoln, M. D., Boston, Mass.; "Disinfection and Individual Prophylaxis against Infectious Diseases," by George M. Sternberg, M. D., Major and Surgeon U. S. Army; "The Preventable Causes of Disease, Injury and Death in American Manufactories and Workshops, and the Best Means and Appliances for Preventing and Avoiding them," by George H. Ireland, Springfield, Mass. They may be obtained at a very slight expense by addressing the Secretary, Republican Press Association, Concord, N. H.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Ouida" has the place of honor in the *Woman's World* for April, and writes feelingly "Apropos of a Dinner." An attractive paper is "First Nights at the Paris Theatres." The article is illustrated with a couple of full-page engravings and half a dozen "sketchy" portraits of the best known Parisian critics. Winchester is described as "A City of Memories;" there is a story by Lady Lindsay, an instalment of "The True Story of Clement Ker," fashion news with illustrations, poetry, literary and other notes, etc. This magazine is edited by Oscar Wilde. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

In the April issue of the *Eclectic Magazine* Prof. Huxley's opening paper on "The Struggle for Existence" is a brilliant application of the evolutionary theory; "Islam and Christianity in India" reviews with extraordinary keenness the conditions which have made Mohammed such a potent rival to Oriental missionary work. H. D. Traill contributes a suggestive article in "The Evolution of Humor;" G. Monod writes about "Contemporary Life and Thought in France;" "The Ascent of Mind" is by Herbert Junius Hardwicke, M. D.; a clever writer treats of "The Higher Education of Women," and Frances Power Cobbe discusses "The Education of the Emotions" The concluding paper on Cæsar Borgia is published, and other contributions of interest are "English and American Federalism," "Reminiscences of Cardinal Richelieu," "Robespierre's Love" "Chevalier Bayard," "A Night in the Jungle," and "Humors of Metaphysics." Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York.

"Art and Literature for the People," is a suggestive article in the April number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. Another article, equally suggestive, is by that valued contributor, the Family Doctor, and is entitled "Is the School Healthy." The second chapter of a matter-of-fact romance, "How we Girls Earned our Living," is given, and will interest many readers. Another practical subject is taken up by Phyllis Browne. It is called "Hours in my Laundry," and readily invites the attention of the housekeeper. "Characters in Feet," "Curious Wills," "Social Life at the Capital of New Zealand," "Rhyming and Punning," are all most excellent articles. Mme. Clara Schumann is written about in an article which calls her "The Queen of Pianists," and gives her portrait. Fiction occupies an important place in this number, and so does poetry. The fashion letters from London and Paris are as full of hints as ever. Cassell & Co., New York.

Psychology, zoology, anthropology, mineralogy, geology, social science and law, are all represented in the April number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The leading article is on "College Athletics and Physical Development," by Prof. E. L. Richards, of Yale College. "The Struggle for Existence; a Programme," is an able and interesting article by Prof. Huxley. Mr. Philip Snyder has a good paper on "Forms and Failures of the Law." A collection of curious "Chinese Superstitions" is contributed by Adele M. Fielde; and there is a very entertaining article on heredity, entitled "The Cause of Character." Others of the valuable list are: "Hypnotism in Disease and Crime," "California Dry-Winter Flowers," "The Family-Life of Flames" (illustrated), "A Paper of Candy," "The Earliest Plants," "The Present Status of Mineralogy," "The Uniformity of Social Phenomena," and "The Chemistry of Underground Waters." The quality of the *Monthly* has never been higher than in the thirty-second volume, which is completed with this number. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

Each heart is a world. You find all within yourself, that you find without. The world that surrounds you is the magic glass of the world within you. To know yourself you have only to set down a true statement of those that ever loved or hated you.

Gold Fields.

That pan out richly, are not so abundant as in the early California days, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home wherever they are located, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required; you are started in business free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes.

CURIOUS NAMES.

A correspondent writes: Two or three years ago I used regularly to pass a large brass plate which bore the words, "Henri Stringer, Teacher of Music."

Almost every trade and profession has its representative surname: Carter, Tanner, Shepherd, Baker, Smith (an enormous trade), Butler, Slater, Cooper, Arrowsmith, etc. I should perhaps have placed Biblical names first, as being the oldest, amongst which there is Aaron, Abel, Adams, Moses, Abraham, etc.

Colors, too, are represented in Black, White, Green, Brown, Grey, etc., while the seasons appropriate a goodly share with Winter, Snow, Frost, Gall, Rain, and even Fogg.

What a lot of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and "lords of high degree," we have in Abbott, Angell, Archdeacon, Dean, Bishop, Sexton, Parsons, Duke, Baron; and we may mention in the same sentence Abbey, Church, and Churchyard.

The parts of the body have also been adopted for cognomens. Thus, there is Tooth, Legg, Head, Foote, Bone, Hair, etc. Who can tell the tale of woe which the following names suggest, Dunn and Needham, or express the riches of Messrs. Goldring, Goldberg, Go(u)ld, Silver, Silverton, and Cash?

We have the man who is Jollie, and a crowd of Lovejoys, with Miss Dearlove and Mr. Moody. The Little and the Long, the Broad and the Sharp, with Mr. Ready and Mr. Start, all to be met with in the cold and calculating way of business.

There is Liberty and Freeman, Flood and Field, Makepeace, Brazier, and Flicker; and we can almost pity the man who is called Base. Suppose we gather together our Fowlers and Fishers, our Hunters and Archers, not forgetting our Cockshott, for a day's sport.

If we class beast, bird, and reptile as a Herd, we shall find the Coney, Drake, Swan, Swallow, Nightingale, Fox, Lamb, Bull, Wolf, Coon, Calf, Buck, and Batt. Then, after careering over Brook and Burn, through Forrest, Wood, and Appleyard, away over the Ground, past Wells, swimming Lakes, stopping not for Gate, Bush, or Stone, we have a repast fit for a King, which can be helped out by Cakebread, Longcake, Bunn, Bacon, Mutton, Onions, Fish, Cresswell, and Reddish. For dessert we can have Cake, Candy, Honey, Almond, Peach, Pears, Sweetapple, Berry, Barley, and Nutt.

If we go to war, we have Battle, Blood, Hacker, Butcher, Death, Slaughter, Musket, Gunn, Cannon, etc.; and for the peaceful tiller of the soil there is Work, Rose, Lavender, Thorn, Flower, Hollyoake, Pine, Primrose, Plant, Budd, Greenleaf, Cane, Ash, and Grow.

In such books as the one from which I gleaned these trifles, and in similar other business works, the surname of course comes first and then the Christian name, sometimes without even a comma between the two; and when one's eye rests upon such combinations as the following, one cannot but smile: Dear Maud, Fair William, Green Mary, Greener James.

The man who possesses the name America ought to be a true patriot; but where is the young lady willing to bear the name of Age? She is to be found, nevertheless. We hear of many *aliases* in the criminal courts, and one would scarcely think Alias to be a surname; yet Mr. Alias lives.

One man is called Avis. He should have been christened *Rara*, and the joke would have been complete. Amongst the most curious names I noticed Bubb, Bucktrout, Gobby, Barefoot, Redhead, Grocott, Koot, and Knibbs.

At the Party.—Mrs. Shamm gave a small but very elegant tea the other evening, and, as a reward for being good for two hours, she allowed her son Bertie, aged 10, to sit at the table with the guests. As an example of cold blooded villainy we give a few of the remarks made by Master Bertie during the progress of the meal:

"Ma," he asked first, "whose spoons are these?"

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Shamm.

He hushed for a second, then:

"Ma, whose big glass dish is that?"

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," said Mrs. Shamm with a sickly smile that did not conceal from the guests the fact that there was a fearful reckoning in store for Bertie on their departure.

"Say, ma," he put in, interrupting old Mrs. Moneyweight, who was the special guest of the occasion, "that ain't our silver cake basket, is it?"

"Bertie, didn't you hear Mrs. Moneyweight talking," chides his distressed parent.

"Well, I'll be quiet if you tell me whose pretty glasses these are. They're Mrs. Baxter's, ain't they?"

"Bertie!"

"Oh, ma, I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Hooker wants you to be sure to send back her teaspoons to-night, and—oh, did you know that Sally broke one of Mrs. Walker's nice teacups, and—oh, what a pretty plate that is! Who does it belong to?"

The doors had hardly closed on the last guest when the neighbors were apprised by a sound whose import could not be mistaken that Bertie's time of reckoning had come.

In the chemical labratory: Professor: "What has become of Tom Appleton? Was he not studying with the class last year?" "Ah, yes; Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals—very. That discoloration on the ceiling? Notice it?" "Yes." "That is him."

The Way They Do It.—It is well known that the senators and congressmen write their own biographies that appear in the Congressional Directory. This fact makes them all the more interesting. The statesmen are allowed, in a general way, to say what they please; but there are instances where the compiler of the Directory has to do some pretty thorough pruning.

One Arkansas congressman wrote, in answer to the usual request, what would have filled a dozen pages of the Directory. He gave the full history of his and his wife's families, the characteristics of his children, the names of the husbands and wives and children of those married, and introduced several illustrated sketches, or incidents, in bear and bee and 'coon hunting. He introduced a poem on spring, written by his second eldest son; gave the names of two young fellows, rivals for the hand of one of his daughters named "Pink," and described the distress she was suffering over the question of which she should choose. The compiler cut the "biography" down to eight lines.

A Kentucky congressman, in his biography, described a stock farm owned by him; named the horses, and gave their pedigree, records, and prices. Another Kentuckian mentioned, among events of his eventful life, the number of fights he had been in; and he gave descriptions of two, in each of which he had killed a man, as well as the names of the men he had slaughtered.

One Ohio man gave the number of sheep he owned; the fluctuations in the prices of wool in an elaborate table; and introduced a strong protest against a reduction of the duty on wool; all of which was sacrificed.

A congressman from Iowa sent in his biography in verse; and very bad verse, too. Another, from the same State, said that he was living separate from his wife; and, in a detailed statement, laid all the blame upon her; and appealed to his brother congressmen to overlook the matter, and to the Speaker not to allow himself to be influenced by it in assigning him to committees.

Queer Contents of a Pie.—The surprise pie, highly fashionable in Stuart England, was no sooner opened than one or more living creatures issued from the breach in the crust. A pie of this kind might contain half a dozen live frogs, that, on leaping from the crust to the table-cloth, and from the cloth to a lady's paste or lap, would throw her into hysterics. Or it might with equal propriety hide a score of live sparrows that, on escaping from the pie dish, would fly to the candles and put a large supper party in darkness. Other creatures were also employed to sustain the surprising character of surprise pastry. Toy terriers, squirrels, hares, foxes, and manikin pages were in turn used for the astonishment of people who, on the lookout for a live pie of some kind, could be startled only by the apparition of an unexpected animal. When a score of different creatures had been served in surprise pies, to Charles I., and he was weary of surprises that were no longer astonishing, his humor was pleasantly tickled by the unlooked-for appearance of the dwarf, Jeffry Hudson, who had been placed under the crust on a table spread for the entertainment of royalty at Burleigh-on-the-Hill. In a Twelfth Night trophy, Robert May served a surprise pie of frogs, and another of birds.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Tuesday, March 27, 1888.

AN EASTER OCCASION.

The store this week is in Easter trim. We have done what we could to bring into pleasing conditions the cheery things that come to popular thought with the Eastertide. Never has there been an equal attempt in any private enterprise to give such breadth of display to beauty in merchandise. But it is only a *great incident*, nothing more. And the main purpose of this *great incident* is to let the goods and their prices tell their own story, and to tell it pleasantly as possible.

Directory to the points of special interest.
The Millinery Exhibition is through the southeast section of the store, first floor. Especially in the large parlors at Thirteenth and Chestnut streets. Some choice things are in the centre Chestnut street entrance.
Spring Wraps, Jackets and Costumes for women and girls are on the entire second floor, Chestnut street.
Spring parasols are in the centre Chestnut street entrance and on the front west of it.
Spring and Summer Silks are in the Transept.
Wool Dress Goods and Novelties are across the store, south of the centre.
Cotton Dress Goods, including Sateens and Ginghams, with many others, are northwest of the centre.
White Goods and Hamburgs are west of the centre.
The House Beautiful is on the second floor, centre gallery and Thirteenth street side. Eighteen beautiful rooms charmingly decorated and furnished.
Easter Cards and Booklets are in the Book store, first floor, Thirteenth street.
Easter Stationery is on Thirteenth street, south of the Book store.
Easter Toys are in the Basement, northeast of the centre.

The New Millinery. Every lady in town and out will want to look at it. They say we have never before shown so many styles or so many examples of the styles. The parlors at the Thirteenth and Chestnut streets corner are gay with color and bright with all that is to make this season's Hats and Bonnets handsome. It will be a Flower season. Feathers and velvet and ribbon and glinting bits of metal, to be sure, but flowers in and around and above all.

Wander about. Surprises are lying in wait behind every corner. A cologne fountain on the second floor. That's but one of the unexpected things. If you are not compounded of too particular clay, every sense shall be satisfied.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Thrift.—The blacksmith has sometimes been called the king of mechanics, and this is the way he is said to have earned the distinction. The story goes that, during the building of Solomon's Temple, that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table to become better acquainted with his workmen.

"My friend, what is your trade?" "A carpenter." "And who makes your tools?" "The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another, Solomon said, "What is your trade?" And the reply was, "A mason." "And who makes your tools?" "The blacksmith does," replied the mason.

The third stated that he was a stonecutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools.

The fourth man whom King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. "And what is your trade, my good man?" said the king. "Blacksmith," replied the man of the anvil and sledge. "And who makes your tools?" "Make 'em myself," said the blacksmith. Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the king of mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.

Right Here in Pennsylvania.

What Your Friends and Neighbors Say on a Matter of Vital Importance.

Below will be found a sample of the multitude of letters of encouragement Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., daily receive. The subjoined unsolicited testimonials are from your friends and neighbors, ladies and gentlemen you know and esteem for their honor and straightforwardness, and who would scorn to be a party to any deception. What has been done for others can be done for you, and it is folly, nay suicidal, to longer suffer when the means of recovery lie at your very door:

West Philadelphia, (3738 Centre St.) Jan. 1st, 1888.—My grandmother suffered ten years with kidney disease and irritation of the bladder. She could not walk straight nor could she sleep ten minutes at a time. She had several doctors, but they all failed to give her relief. She took "Warner's Safe Cure"—six bottles in all—together with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills" and was cured. This was four years ago and she has been well ever since. Her name is Mrs. Mary Evans, No. 3738 Centre street, West Philadelphia, Pa. All of my relatives as well as myself take "Warner's Safe Cure." I recommend it to all of my friends.

Thomas Moore

West Philadelphia, Pa., (852 N. 52d St.), Dec. 7th, 1887.—I can most positively certify to the merits of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I suffered and was pronounced incurable by prominent physicians. As a last resort, and without faith, I commenced using "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Tippecanoe" with most surprising results. Details would be revolting—it was one of the severest cases on record. I will gladly reply to any letter and will give particulars. I hope this statement will be the means of influencing some one to employ the same means for their recovery.

M. E. Baldwin

Chester, Pa., (710 Hinkson St.), Jan. 16th, 1888.—I have been cured by the use of "Warner's Safe Cure" of a very severe form of kidney disorder attended with excruciating pain so that I was unable to be on my feet for any length of time without the most unbearable pain. I think "Warner's Safe Cure" has saved my life.

Mrs Martha Boyd

Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 14, 1887.—I have used half a dozen bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure" and have been greatly benefitted by it, and no other medicine can take its place.

James E. Reiser.

Dallastown, Pa., Dec. 12, 1887.—"Warner's Safe Remedies" are well recommended, and I know myself that they have given me, as well as other people, great relief.

James K. Gayter.

Starrucca, Wayne Co., Pa., Jan. 23, 1888.—I have taken a great many bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure," and can recommend it as the best medicine I have ever taken. "Warner's Safe Cure" has done me much good.

George H. Gay.

Humorous.

AN ACTIVE LIFE.

The mule seemed pensive, even sad,
As if by conscience pricked;
But when they came to share his woes
He raised objections—kicked.

The cat came up to sympathize,
With mew and gentle purr;
Alas! she got within his reach,
When—fiddlestrings and fur.

The dog, in pity, neared him to
Alleviate his care;
He tried to pass around him once,
But—sausage meat and hair.

And Jack, the honest farmer boy,
Who had the beast in charge,
Tried recklessly to harness him—
His funeral was large.

Oh! trifling were the causes which
His flexible legs unfurled,
And many were the quadrupeds
That sought another world.

He never did a decent thing,
He wasn't worth a ducat;
He kicked, and kicked, until he died,
And then he kicked the bucket.

—U. N. NONE.

The dress circle—The belt.

An exhaustive article—A stomach pump.

Don't ask a blacksmith to give up his pet vice.

A matter of great interest—6 per cent a month.

The daughters of a millionaire all have fine figures.

At a spelling match words that make trouble are put out.

At the crisis in a divorce suit a woman is apt to be unmanned.

It is after a man has attained a ripe old age that he begins to fall off.

There is one man who always draws the line somewhere, and that is a surveyor.

A searcher after truth wants to know "why it is, with so many negroes dying, nobody ever sees a black ghost?"

No matter how selfish a doctor may be, he is always a man of feeling. He invariably feels the pulse of his patients.

Mr. Blinks: "What beautiful teeth Miss Brown has!" Miss Sharp: "Yes, I think this set much nicer than her others."

In Paris there are said to be people who make a living by waking people up in the morning. They must do a rousing business.

The fast mail trains are generally popular, but the female trains are usually so slow and far behind that they are very unpopular.

If you wish to fatten a young baby, what should you do with it?—Throw it out of the window, and it will come down plump.

Laundry-women are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them, the more they will do for you.

Magistrate, to witness: "Do you know the nature of an oath, Uncle Rastus: "I reckon I does, yo' honor. I'se owned a balky mule for fourteen yeah."

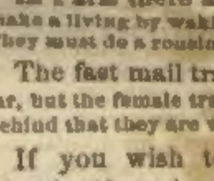
The fact that the two-headed girl gets $75 a week from dime museums triumphantly establishes the truth of the old adage that two heads are better than one.

At the restaurant. Haughty stranger: "Your thumb is in my soup, waiter!" Waiter: "Well, it don't take up much room. If you kick, though, I'll fill the bowl up."

Physician's wife: "Are your affairs in very bad shape, John?" Physician: "Very; but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season."

"I don't see," said an Eastern man to a Kansan, "why the settler on the frontier lives in a dugout; why doesn't he cut a door and window in a Kansas pumpkin and live in that?" "Well, you see," said the Kansan, "the Kansas pumpkin is so large that it cannot be kept warm in winter without a great deal of fuel, and fuel is very scarce."

HUMPHREYS'



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SPECIFICS.

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HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.—A lady was spending last Summer in the country and was very anxious to catch a certain train. As that event seemed, from the leisurely gait of the horse, extremely uncertain, she urged the country driver to make the beast go faster. The coachman plied whip and reins with no apparent effect, while the lady alternately examined her watch and encouraged the driver. At last, however, her patience became completely exhausted and, espying a place in the tough hide of the stolid brute where the harness had chafed, she cried out vehemently:

"Hit him on the raw, Mr. Casseboom! Hit him on the raw!"

"Ma'am," responded Mr. Casseboom with unwonted gravity, "I'm a savin' the raw till we come to the hill."

A NO MAN'S CLUB.—A group of ladies in New Orleans have formed themselves into an association of a social character, to be known as the "No Man Club." It must not be inferred from the sternness of the title that they are uncompromising as regards the other sex, but only that the name has been adopted to signify their independence in attending places of amusement. Six or more make regular trips during the week to the opera, and theatres, concerts, and lectures, secure in numbers, and as happy as though every maid was attended by a gallant.

TIME—8.30 P. M. Present—Mr. Jones, Miss Belle and little Effie. Miss Belle—"Is it not about time that you go to bed, darling? Or are you going to stay and retire with me to-night?" Little Effie—"No, me hain't going to stay wif oo no more." "Not? And why, dear?" Little Effie—"Tause oo snore." Mr. Jones looks uncomfortable.

"You are looking badly broken up to-day." "I feel badly broken up. Didn't have any sleep last night." "How was that?" "When I got home I couldn't find my latch key and had to sit on the door step all night. Didn't find it till morning." "Where was it?" "In my hand."

MR. OLDBOY (looking at the baby)—"Well—um—it's rather a nice baby, isn't it?" Mother—"Of course it is, Mr. Oldboy. I think it is perfectly lovely!" Mr. Oldboy—"Oh, do you? Well—er—you must be naturally fond of children, I suppose?"

THE Rev. Dr. Swing says that "all great men have a conscience." That may be true, but it is a mystery what some of them do with theirs.

One good act done to-day is worth a thousand in contemplation for some future time.

Every time I speak a kind word I am adding a brick to my temple of manhood.

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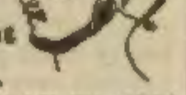

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Latest Fashion Phases.

There is nothing very new just now in the shapes of bonnets or hats, though a little bonnet, with pointed crown and long side darts meeting in front of the glittering feathers of the rifle bird, set on either side of a knot of pale salmon velvet, is quaint and fascinating, the mingled hues of the feathers being set off by the gathered folds of the dark claret velvet of the brim. Velvet and the plumage of birds' breasts are both much used for bonnets, but fine cloth pinked at the edges, and either cut into lace patterns or embroidered, is the newest departure.

A dainty little bonnet is of ruby velvet, with a square plain crown of Louis XV. tinselled brocade of many colors.

Muffs to match the bonnets are growing in favor, and a very bizarre French model shows a tiny muff of bronze velvet, lined with blue and bronze shot silk, and attached to a sling collar, made of tapering folds of the velvet, lined with the silk, and growing wider towards the back of the neck, where is fastened a wide scarf of the shot silk, to be tied in a bow in front. The whole confection is very French, and alluring in color and device, and with a hat to match would brighten admirably a dark winter gown.

A really lovely tea-jacket has the crowning charm of being quite unique in coloring and mode, being made after the model of a Breton peasant's holiday coat. The jacket itself is of pale terra-cotta plush, the loose fronts being lined with salmon-pink Surah, and the turn-back collar and cuffs made of bands of embroidery in various shades of terra-cotta silk and gold thread on canvas. A double band of this in front of the throat confines the closely gathered vest of the salmon Surah, which is caught up, pouch-fashion, higher on one side than the other, some distance below the waist, where it is loosely confined by a wide quaintly shaped belt of the embroidery.

Turning to fichus, we find every sign of these pretty adjuncts to the toilette being more worn than they have been for some years past. The simplest forms are always the most graceful when the wearer has the instinct of twisting the folds of her scarf or kerchief with the same unerring assurance of effect as directed a Grecian lady's throw of her himation, or draping of her chiton.

A charming fichu is made of a long oval of ecru Alencon net, bordered with a full flounce of a marvellous imitation of antique point d'Alencon, six inches wide. Plain scarves of a revival of the old Limerick lace are also charming, and the same shaped scarves are made in a lace—point d'arras—wherein the introduction of an outlining silken thread gives the effect of fine antique Mechlin to the delicate pattern.

The fichu scarf is adapted for those ladies less expert in "touch" than their sisters, but it is picturesque, with its large collar of guipure or embroidery in folds, gathered into a point at the back, and square in front, with a ribbon of two colors run through the inner edge, and fastened in a small bow at the end of the V-shaped neck, from whence two long scarf ends of a contrasting lace fall almost to the feet. A pretty model of this is in Greek lace and point d'arras, but it is charming with the collar made in black jetted net, and with the scarf ends of black Brussels.

Ribbon plays a substantial part in the more formal fichus, the kind most generally used being the shot or watered ribbon, with a gold edge. A pretty fichu, which could also be used as a berthe for a low gown, is of shot salmon ribbon of this order, veiled with point d'arras, and caught with dainty bows of the ribbon.

Another especially pretty model has a high folded collar of the gold-edged ribbon, in bright rose scarlet, striped in moire and gold shot. Two twisted lengths of the ribbon are pointed to the waist, so as to simulate a narrow vest, from between which breaks out a foam of tulle and lace, ending in a ripple of the latter, round the sharp dart in which the ribbon is made to end.

Among the latest novelties in spring goods we notice a new style of droguet which has narrow stripes woven so as to simulate embroidery in two or three shades of color over a beige or gray ground. There are also very pretty stripes in shaded silks over a cashmere ground. They look remarkably well in several shades of slate blue silk over a dark slate ground, also in shades of heliotrope and gray.

There is also an elegant material which shows a small checked pattern formed of silken threads of a lighter color upon a woolen ground in the basket-work style.

In self-colored materials there are extremely pretty crepons, veilings, both plain and brocaded, Indian cashmeres and muslin delaines.

Mouse-gray seems to be the favorite shade this season. A very tasteful dress of this color recently noticed was made quite simply. The material was French faille, silver galloons described a fichu upon the bodice, slanting down to the waist, which it made appear slighter.

Again, in cloth costumes as well as silk we find the mouse-gray shade prevailing. A very pretty costume of that color was braided with black. It consisted of a double skirt, bodice and jacket to match. Let us note that braiding is as fashionable as ever, but that it is considered more stylish to braid in black over colored cloth than to match the braid with the material.

Lyons silks are used for fashionable visiting and reception dresses. Taffetas and bengaline will be the favorite silk materials this spring. There is no saying which color is most in vogue in these materials, for the fashionable style is a combination of several shades in glace silks.

There are exquisite mixtures of the most lovely tints, producing effects of the greatest novelty. Over some of the beautiful steel silks there are fine streaks or Pekin stripes of satin. Pompadour stripes, with pretty floral patterns over a moire ground, are also very fashionable.

For the street the cloth costume is the most ladylike. Gray or a mixture of seal brown and beige are fashionable shades. The tunic is draped on the right side with one large flat plait, which is covered with a handsome pattern in braiding. The same pattern is worked round the foot of the underskirt.

A very elegant walking dress is of gray sicilienne in the shape of a redingote, crossed shawl-fashion over the chest, and remaining open, with two narrow revers over a plastron of plaited white crepe; from the waist it remains entirely open, showing an underskirt of the same sicilienne, trimmed with fine pinked out ruches.

Another consists of a redingote of nut-brown cashmere, slit open on the right-hand side over a robing of beige armure silk. The right side of the bodice is of plaited cashmere and is crossed over the left side, which is of armure silk and quite plain. The plaits are fastened down under a silver clasp.

There appears to be an increased demand again for both gold and silver beads, which are worn about the neck in several strands. The first row of beads fits closely around the throat; each after row, being a little longer than its predecessor, falls beneath it, and when there are five or six strands the effect is that of a very rich and elaborate necklace.

There appears to be also a fancy for wearing rows of diamonds or rows of pearls about the neck so fastened together as to show only the gems.

A unique necklace is a French importation representing the period of the Renaissance, and introducing, in combination with fine gem-work, little gold designs of the human figure. So-called Oriental necklaces, made of square blocks of gold in dull finish and etched or engraved in odd designs, may also be classed among novel things that go to make a variety, rather than models that will be extensively copied.

The association of gold and silver in jewelry, a comparatively new idea, promises to become quite popular, and is already employed to a considerable extent. Hair-pins and combs of oxidized silver, and decorated with little gold knobs or twisted gold wire, are very effective, and the same may be said for silver cuff-buttons with gold ornamentation.

Odds and Ends.

CARDS AND THEIR ARRANGEMENTS.

The fashion of sending card souvenirs of Easter, Christmas and birthdays is by no means on the decrease.

Birds are prominent this season on the Easter cards. Owls abound, in various sizes and positions, some as sandwich men carrying four angel cards, with the wings forming 1883; others flying across a silver crescent, or clustered on a branch.

Owls are supposed to represent wisdom, so a great number of people must have considered that their friends needed it, if they thought about emblems and significations at all, by the popularity of the designs.

Cards in the form of a small fire fan, a star crossed by a crescent, a bell with a landscape or a group of angels with hands uplifted on it, a miniature tambourine with colored ribbon and little bells and a hand-painted design, a circular hand screen with a gilt handle edged with colored marabout, and having a lovely child's face in the centre; palettes with beautifully painted half wreaths of flowers or groups of animals; a crescent with a row of bells evidently ringing; long-shaped cards with rows of pretty children seated in a row, with their profiles and backs turned towards one; tan-colored cards, with good wishes stamped in silver, and an autograph written below were among the many varieties.

There were views of cathedrals, in sets, in monochrome etchings, on rough paper, worthy of framing; also sets of cards, with animals, birds, landscapes, boats, mythological and classical subjects, flowers, grasses, pairs of shoes, crosses, angels, etc.

There is little to be said about arrangements of these beautiful cards, except what has been described before.

Albums, some of them artistically and carefully arranged, are constantly met with, and have been the means of pleasantly passing away many a weary, and perhaps suffering, hour. Several exhibited at industrial exhibitions last summer, were the work of invalids and crippled children.

One had every page previously covered with colored satin, the thin, cheap kind, with a narrow band of gold paper cut out, and neatly gummed on at the edge as a finish. Only well-executed cards were afterwards gummed on. The outside was plush with "fancy cards" worked across, in gold filoselle, in imitation of hand-writing.

A pretty screen, which did duty at Christmas for holding cards, consisted of the upper panels (it was a two-panel screen) of plain velveteen, with 3 inch ribbon stretched tightly across horizontally, and worked with feather stitch all along the middle to form a long pocket for the cards and photos to drop in, and stand up. There were three or four rows of ribbons worked thus.

It was an excellent way of displaying cards and photographs. The lower panels were of open-work wood, painted white. Large sheets of stout cardboard, covered and arranged above, filled with cards and photos, resting on easels, soft Pongee scarf twisted around, form an effective drawing-room ornament. The card usually measures about 19 by 25, at the most, and must be stiff, also placed a little on the slant, or else the photos, being too upright, will not stay in their ribbon pockets.

A good way of using up cards for amusing children is to cut a number of pieces of cardboard 6 or 8 inches square, bind them with ribbon or strips of colored calico, join them together, so that they fold up backwards or forwards, and cover them with the cards. This arrangement can be placed on the floor upright, so as to encircle the child. Two yards, or even more, is the length.

A number of used post cards, covered with cards, and bound at one end with ribbon, can be utilized as small albums by being joined together, and the outer side of the top and lower card covered with gold or fancy paper. Any little colored scraps can be used to fill in.

We have lately seen a two-panel screen tastefully covered with photos of all kinds and cards, the upper half having the photos, and the lower the cards, the division being marked by a narrow shelf, painted the same creamy-white color as the framework.

Many of the prettiest cards, or sets, are now framed and hung on walls, and a favorite way of managing this is to get from a picture framer, old discolored mounts, with several apertures (which are of no use to him, and considered as rubbish), gumming plush over, cutting it out at the openings, putting in the cards at the back, and then fitting the whole in a flat deal frame, painted with enamel white, or color, by the same amateur hands. Frames can also be made of cardboard, and covered with plush or velveteen.

A PROFESSOR of John Hopkins University, in his lecture the other evening to the workingmen of South Baltimore, showed that many of the features of modern industrial and social life were in full vigor in ancient Greece and Rome. There were tenement houses in Athens, with several families in one house. There were corners in the iron market and in the olive oil industry, brought about just as corners are managed now. There was a slave insurance office, by which an owner, on the payment of $1.30 a year, could be insured against his slaves running away.

MAN is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?

Confidential Correspondents.

L.—The "German "mark" is nearly equal to our 25-cent piece.

M. G. C.—Send us your address on a self-directed postal, and we will give the names of firms where you may inquire.

AMOS. — Knitted or woven stockings were introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Previous to her day hose were made of cloth.

WILD.—The coins are only of the current value. 2. You must apply to someone connected with the Mint for the information; it is rather out of our province.

BIG FOUR.—We cannot at present give you the information you desire. We may come across it, however, in a little while, and, possibly will then furnish it.

AGATHA.—When the Saracens in one of the old wars, threatened destruction to all Christian nations the "Angelus bell" began to be tolled morning, noon and evening that all the faithful might unite in invoking the blessing of Heaven upon the faithful.

TROLLIE.—Caustic has failed; we cannot tell you of anything certain. Some warts will go away if rubbed frequently with lemon juice, or anything acid; some can be removed by the application of dry pipeclay rubbed in very frequently; but what will entirely remove them at one time will have no effect at another.

STATED.—We regard Mr. Darwin's views on development as still unproven; we merely say that in the present state of our knowledge his theory is useful as a working hypothesis. No man of science ever cares to assert anything to a certainty where biological problems are concerned; all are merely groping their way at present.

MANNERS.—When you are introduced, all that you have to do is to bow, and, if there is opportunity, engage in conversation. In introducing a gentleman to a lady, it is only necessary to mention, first his name, then hers, beginning, if you please, with some such formula as, "Miss So-and-So, let me introduce to you Mr. Thus-and-Thus."

PORTIA.—What etchers call the dry-point is merely an ordinary etching-needle, of steel, sharpened in a peculiar manner, and used without either etching-ground or acid-bath on the bare copper. Dry-point has one very great advantage over ordinary etching. The artist may easily see what he is doing by rubbing a mixture of tallow and lamp-black over the plate, and removing what is superfluous with a rag.

P. L.—The polishing of cow horns can be effected in the following simple way: Scrape them well with a glass or steel scraper; then repeat the process with the finest glass-cloth. Next rub them over with powdered bathbrick and oil; finally polishing them with rotten-stone and flannel, with a piece of cloth or felt hat. It should be borne in mind that the more they are rubbed with the bathbrick and oil the better the polish will be.

RUPERRA.—1. If you have been engaged to a young lady for ten weeks, you certainly have the right to demand explanation of her sudden silence. As she has simply ignored your last letter, it is more likely that she is temporarily displeased than permanently alienated. Unless greatly wanting in sense of propriety, she would not dismiss you in this wise. 2. Yes; when engagements are broken, it is usual for letters, and also presents, to be returned on both sides.

S. M. L.—The "Lake Poets" was a name given to certain English poets in the early part of this century. They mostly resided, or are associated with the Lakes of Cumberland in that country, whence their title. Their poetry is supposed to mark a particular school of development. Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge are its most prominent members or disciples. 2. This is the 19th century, because it is the nineteenth "hundred" of years since the Christian era. Century means "one hundred." Thus the eighteenth hundred—or century, ended with the year 1800. If you are past eighteen years of age, you are in your nineteenth year. In the same way the year 1883 is in the nineteenth century.

VETAH.—You need neither change your engagement ring because it is an opal, nor have the stones removed. We were not aware that an opal engagement ring is "unlucky;" but if it is considered so you may be quite sure that it is only a superstition. It probably arose from the play of color upon such stones, which is not unnaturally suggestive in instability. Your engagement is much more likely to end in disappointment if you agitate the question than if you keep the ring as it is and dismiss the notion as to its being unlucky from your mind. To trouble your lover about it would be a strange way of showing your confidence in him, while it would hardly have the effect of raising your intelligence in his estimation.

PEGGY JANE.—We would think the young man does not know his own mind despite his years—and his present mood is to have you cast him off. He apparently does not like to tell or show you plainly that his love has cooled, so he is going about the matter in such a way that he will put the blame of a separation upon you. During his present absence, should he write, answer his letters in the spirit of his own. Do not show yourself, if possible, any more anxious to keep up the intimacy than he is himself. And when he returns, base your welcome upon the warmth of his greeting. It is possible that in the past you have shown him that you care for him, and he is presuming on it. A little cool treatment often works wonders in these cases, and it may do good to your own.

EDINA.—Cremation came into vogue in Europe about ten years ago; and already in Italy, and at Dresden, some 1,700 bodies have been disposed of by the process. Cremation societies have been started in almost every European country, as well as in the United States, where cremation has become a regular practice. There are two patterns of crematories in use; the German and the Italian. By either process the disposal of an adult body is completed in about an hour, and the ashes, which are perfectly white, weigh about five pounds. Were cremation to become common the cost in each case would not exceed a few dollars, but at present it is more than thrice that amount, since the apparatus has to be heated in every instance. Cremation is perfectly legal, and there can be no question that in this country the feeling in its favor is growing.